POEMS

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By Mrs. LEAPOR of Brackley in Northamptonsbire.



LONDON,

Printed: And Sold by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane.

MDCC XLVIII.

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READER.

HE Author of the following Poems was taken from the World at the time when the first began to meet with Encouragement to print them, and, in Compliance with her dying Request, they are now published for the Benefit of her Father, who is desirous to make use of this Opportunity of returning his humble Thanks to the Subscribers for the Favour they have been pleased to shew him.

The short Account which has been given of Mrs. Leaper, with the Proposals for a Subscription, it is hop'd, will sufficiently apologize for the Defects that shall be found in this Collection. Had the lived to correct and finish these first Productions of a young unaffisted Genius, certainly they would have been greatly improved, tho', as they now appear in their native Simplicity, they cannot surely but afford an agreeable Entertainment to the Reader, and serve as a convincing Proof of the common Aphorism, Poeta nascitur, non sit.

Mrs. Leapor from a Child delighted in reading, and particularly Poetry, but had few Opportunities of procuring any Books of that kind. The Author

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To the Reader.

the most admired was Mr. Pope, whom the chiefly endeavoured to imitate; how far she succeeded in this, or any other of her Attempts, must be left to the Judgment of the Publick. And indeed if the Poems will not recommend themselves to the Reader. little Advantage is to be expected from any thing that can be faid of them here; but, in Justice to the Memory of the Author, as well as for the Satisfaction of all those who have so chearfully and generously contributed to improve the best Legacy she could bequeath to her Father, we beg leave to inform them, that her Conduct and Behaviour entirely corresponded with those virtuous and pious Sentiments which are conspicuous in her Poems. She was courteous and obliging to all, chearful, good-natured, and contented in the Station of Life in which Providence had placed her. The generous and charitable Spirit that appeared in her was exerted upon all Occasions to the utmost of her Ability, and was fuch as would have been ornamental in a much higher Sphere, to which in all Probability, if it had pleafed God to spare her Life, her own Merit would have raised her.

Some of her Papers, a little time before her Death, were communicated to feveral Persons of Rank and of distinguished Taste and Judgment, who were pleased to express a great Satisfaction in the View they had of promoting a Subscription for their being printed, and by that means encouraging her to proceed in a Science so agreeable to herself, and entertaining to them; but her Friends are now left to lament her Loss, and that so great a Part of a short and

valuable Life was spent in Obscurity.



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Whose thining Eyes a thousand Hearts alarm'd,
Whose Wit inspired, and whose Follies charm'd:
Who, with Invention, rack'd her careful Breast
To find new Graces to insult the rest,
Now sees her Temples take a swarthy Hue,
And the dark Veins resign their beauteous Blue;

While

While on her Cheeks the fading Rofes die, And the last Sparkles tremble in her Eye.

Bright Sol had drove the fable Clouds away, And chear'd the Heavens with a Stream of Day, The woodland Choir their little Throats prepare, To chant new Carols to the Morning Air: In Silence wrap'd, and curtain'd from the Day, On her fad Pillow loft Dorinda lay, A A V A & To Mirth a Stranger, and the like to Eafe, No Pleasures charm her, nor no Slumbers please. For if to close her weary Lids she tries, Deteffed Wrinkles swim before her Eyes; At length the Mourner rais'd her aking Head, And discontented left her hated Bed. But fighing shun'd the Relicks of her Pride, And left the Toilet for the Chimney Side : Her careless Locks upon her Shoulders lay Uncurl'd, alas! because they half were Gray; No magick Baths employ her skilful Hand, But useless Phials on her Table stand:

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She flights her Form, no more by Youth inspir'd, And loaths that Idol which the once admir'd. At length all trembling, of herfelf afraid, To her lov'd Glass repair'd the weeping Maid. And with a Sigh address'd the alter'd Shade. Say, what art thou, that wear'st a gloomy Form, With low ring Forehead, like a northern Storm; Cheeks pale and hollow, as the Face of Woe. And Lips that with no gay Vermilion glow? Where is that Form which this falle Mitror told Bloom'd like the Morn, and shou'd for Ages hold; But now a Spectre in its room appears, and sell list All scar'd with Farrows, and defac'd with Tears; Say, com'st thou from the Regions of Despair, To shake my Senses with a meagre Stare i Some stragg'ling Florror may thy Phantom be, But furely not the mimick Shape of me. Ah! yes the Shade its mourning Vilage rears, Pants when I figh, and answers to my Tears: Now who shall bow before this wither'd Shrine. This Mortal Image, that was late Divine ?

She

POEMS on feveral Occasions.

What Victim now will praise these saded Byes, Once the gay Basis for a thousand Lyes?

At length all trembling, of horfest which Deceitful Beauty—false as thou art gay, And is it thus thy Vot'ries find their Pay: This the Reward of many careful Years, Of Morning Labours, and of Noon-day Fears, The Gloves anointed, and the bathing Hour, And foft Cosmetick's more prevailing Pow'r; Yet to thy Worship still the fair Ones run; it and I And hail thy Temples with the rifing Sun; Still the brown Damfels to thy Altars pay a world. Sweet-scented Unquents, and the Dews of May; Sempronia smooths her wrinkled Brows with Care, And Ifabella curls her grifled Hair : 192 von ede to See poor Augusta of her Glass afraid, Who even trembles at the Name of Maid, Spreads the fine Mechlin on her shaking Head, While her thin Cheeks disown the mimick Red. Soft Silvia, who no Lover's Breaft alarms. Yet simpers out the Evining of her Charms,

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And the her Cheek can boast no rosy Dye, the Her gay Brocades allure the gazing Eye and add and an analysis of the same of the

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Winds

But hear, my Sifters Hear an ancient Maid, Too long by Folly, and her Arts betray'd pal hand From these light Trifles turn your partial Eyes, 'Tis fad Dorinda prays you to be wife; And thou Celinda, thou must shortly feel The fad Effect of Time's revolving Wheel; Thy Spring is past, thy Summer Sun declin'd, See Autumn next, and Winter stalks behind on But let not Reason with thy Beauties fly, her said Nor place thy Merit in a brilliant Eye; I od as I of 'Tis thine to charm us by fublimer ways, and nine of And make thy Temper, like thy Features, pleafe; And thou, Sempronia, trudge to Morning Pray'r, W Nor trim thy Eye-brows with fornice a Care; Dear Nymph believe----'tis true, as you're alive, Those Temples show the Marks of Fifty-five. Let Isabel unload her aking Head of source of the Of twifted Papers, and of binding Lead; This had

Let sage Augusta new, without a Frown,
Strip those gay Ribbands from her aged Crown;
Change the lac'd Slipper of delicious Hue
For a warm Stocking, and an easy Shee;
Guard her swell'd Ancles from Rheumatick Pain.
And from her Cheek expunge the guilty Stain.

The lad Dorinda prays you to be wife

Wou'd finiting Silvia lay that Hoop aside.

'Twou'd show her Prudence, not betray her Pride:
She, like the rest, had once her slagrant Day,
But now she twinkles in a fainter Ray.

Those youthful Airs set off their Mistress now,
Just as the Patch adorns her Autumn Brow:
In vain her Feet in sparkling Laces glow.

Since none regard her Forehead, nor her Ton.

Who would not burst with Laughter, or with Spleen,
At Prude, once a Beauty, as I ween.

But now her Features wear a dusky Hue,
The little Loves have bid her Eyes adieu:

Yet she pursues the Pleasures of her Prime,
And vain Desires, not subdu'd by Time;

Thrufts

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Thrusts in amongst the Frolick and the Gay,
But shuts her Daughter from the Beams of Day:
The Child, she says, is indolent and grave,
And tells the World Ophelia can't behave:
But while Ophelia is forbid the Room,
Her Mother hobbles in a Rigadoon;
Or to the Sound of melting Musick dies,
And in their Sockets rolls her blinking Eyes;
Or stuns the Audience with her hideous Squal,
While Scorn and Satire whisper through the Hall.

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Hear this, we fair Ones, that survive your Charms,
Nor reach at Folly with your aged Arms;
Thus Pope has sung, thus let Dorinda sing;
"Virtue, brave Boys,—"tis Virtue makes a King;"
Why not a Queen? fair Virtue is the same.
In the rough Hero, and the smiling Dame!
Dorinda's Soul her Beauties shall pursue,
Tho' late I see her, and embrace her too:
Come, ye blest Graces, that are sure to please,
The Smile of Friendship, and the careless Ease;

A PRIMISSIPHY departed Stude-Privile

B 4

My cool Reflexion to enthinking Youth;

The

8

The Breast of Candour, the relenting Ear, at assured. The Hand of Bounty, and the Heart sincere and at a May these the Twilight of my Days attend, blid on a And may that Evining never want a Friend alled back To smooth my Passage to the silent Gloom, slidy and And give a Tear to grace the mournful Tomb Mark



Or flens the Audience with he hideons Some While Scorn and Saure whiteer through the

I MP RIMIS—My departed Shade I trust
To Heavin—My Body to the filent Dust;
My Name to publick Censure I submit,
To be disposed of as the World thinks fit;
My Vice and Folly let Oblivion close,
The World already is o'erstock d with those;
My Wit I give, as Misers give their Store,
To those who think they had enough before.
Bestow my Patience to compose the Lives
Of slighted Virgins and neglected Wives;
To modish Lovers I resign my Truth,
My cool Research to unthinking Youth;

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And some Good nature give (Itis my Desire) v od to I
To surly Husbands, as their Needs require to live back
And sirst discharge my Funeral—and then
To the small Poets I bequeath my Pent tol sidt sid side.

(IliW swiM is it is it that the first back

Let a small Sprig (true Emblem of my Rhyme) Of blasted Laurel on my Hearse recline theat ybod ni Let some grave Wight, that struggles for Renown By chanting Dirges through a Market-Town, With gentle Step precede the folerand Train A broken Flute upon his Arm shall lean. Six comick Poets may the Corfe furround, And All Free-holders, if they can be found : Then follow next the melancholy Throng, As shrewd Instructors, who themselves are wrong. The Virtuolo, rich in Sun-dry d Weeds and of you The Politician, whom no Mortal heeds? The filent Lawyer, chamber'd all the Day. And the stern Soldier that receives no Payl years od T But stay --- the Mourners shou'd be first our Care, Let the freed Prentice lead the Miser's Heir lair 10 1 Juffled in a homely Cafe.

Let

10 Posms on feweral Occasions!

Let the young Relief wipe her mournful Eyesmot ban And widow'd Husbands o'er their Carlick cry visus o'

All this let my Executors fulfil, and the sol of And rest assured that this is Mira's Will,
Who was, when she these Legacies design'd,
In Body healthy, and compos'd in Mind, I hasteld

Change Torges through a Market-Town.

The FREE No in Diffrace.

A broken Filen: upon his Am (of Kn

Six comick Poets may the Corfe Attround,

The filent Laviver, chareful sign Dov. w.

DAMON, why so cold and serious wolled usely.

Wherefore that reluctant Bow? a byond at
Why so haughty and importons?

Say, have you forgot me now long and interest and

The array'd in coarse Attire, also soldied ment and bank
You may read Lycander's Face, And a -- well to
For 'tis Him (my gentle Squire) to you have add to

Justled in a homely Case.

True,

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And my Brows with Sorrow bend: And True as the found me, and the follow Yet let Damon own his Friend, and the found me, and the found me,

DAMON.

Sir, your Servant, and all that, Sir; is seen and ell's

But indeed I am in hake; so I won an availed

Surely (pray keep on your Hat, Sir), a had cabro il'I

I have somewhere seen your Face, il nov il bah

LYCANDER.

our versed Volces reachfulie Seate Divi

Am I grown so great a Stranger?

Yet 'tis hardly half a Year,

Since you yow'd (in e'ery Danger)

Not your Life was half so dear,

Sure the Court is mighty lulling,
(Not the Streams of Lethe more)
E'en the Groom and dirty Scullion
Know not those they lov'd before.

12 Posme on feveral Occasions.

So on that fatal. Day you did well gained on the And My Brown, bridge attend, sword my Endunce left me as flie fair was removed and my Fortune and my Friend. Some of My Fortune and My Friend. We have the Day of My On My On

Tis Bus'ness, Sir, that fills my Head avoid more sir, your Believe me now I cannot stay; ms I become a Bust of Red, on no quarter of the land of you'll drink it, Sir, you may come to be a I

MIKO BY THE WAR TO A THE WAR TO

An ODE on MERICY: DY

In Imitation of Part of the 145th Pfalm.

I

Ye Worlds of Nature, liften while I fing;
"Tis not his dire avenging Rod,
I fing the Mercies of a God;
Hark, ye Warblers of the Sky,
Rivers glide ferenely by;

Or rather in the facred Chorus join,
Till our united Voices reach the Seats Divine.

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where injur'd Saints, that lus'd to mourn below.

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WO.

Find their glad Breafts with Joys eternal glow

Where thousand Tongues incessant cry, 10
Glory be to God on high to divide add flad to Y

Dominion, Power, Praife, and then then

Mercy to the Sons of Men.

Heav'n hears delighted, and the joyful Sound Swell'd with celeftial Musick spreads the Regions round.

Whom Errors darken, of the one Westeres binds;

The Lord, though feated far beyond the Sky, I Yet fees the wretched with a pitying Eye;

That Power knows our fecret Fear,

The lonely Sigh, or filent Tear; and bal

He fees the Widows streaming Eye,

And hears the hungry Orphans cry.

All Creatures find a Part of their Creator's Care.

Comethen, ye Worlds, Wh mingled Vaices mile

And our cold Hearts but faintly glow, I

His Justice next employs the heavenly String,
And hymning Angels tremble while they sing;

The

14 Police on feveral Occasione.

The Lord is just and holy, then

O weep ye thoughtless sons of Men:

For who can from his Anger fly,

Or shun the Frown of God most high?

Yet shall the Sigh, or penitential Groan,

Mount like the Scraph's Wing, and reach the facred

Throne.

Heave the best deligned of the love to Second

Hear this, ye pious but dejected Minds,
Whom Errors darken, or whom Weakness binds;
Lift from the Dust your mournful Eye,
And know the Lord your Help is night;
These Serrows from your Breasts stall roll,
And Comfort bless the humble Soul;
Let chearful Hope in ev'ry Bosom spring,
For boundless Mercy dwells with Heaven's immortal
King:

All a lower find a Pan AVacin Wheaten's Care.

A Song of mean, but not ungrateful Praise;

The the dull Numbers rudely flow,

And our cold Hearts but faintly glow,

This is

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Our Raptures own a less Degree,
Yet Cherubs sing, and so should we.
The Almighty hears, and gives us leave to call
On him the Judge, the Guide and sacred Lord of All.

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Plan

All you that bend beneath the Stroke of Time,

And you whose Cheeks confess their healthy Prime,

Your Maker and Preserver praise,

For early and for length of Days;

The pious and the grateful Song,

Shall lisp upon the Infant's Tongue,

While heav'nly Mercy souths the Monraet's Care,

And bids the Innocent rejoice, the Sinner not despair.



The BEAUTIES of the SPRING.

HAIL happy Shades, and hail thou chearful Plain,
Where Peace and Pleasure unmolested reign;
Where dewy Buds their blushing Bosoms show,
And the cool Rivers murmur as they flow:

See

See yellow Crowfoots deck the gaudy Hills, While the faint Primrofe loves the purling Rills?

Sagacious Bees their Labours now renew, And And In their new Liv'ries the green Woods appear,

And Intiling Nature decks the Infant Year;

See you proud Elm that Thines in borrow'd Charms,

While the curl'd Woodbines deck her aged Arms.

For early and for length of Days:

When the streak'd East receives a lighter Gray,
And Larks prepare to meet the early Day;
Through the glad Bowers the shrill Anthems run,
While the Groves glitter to the rising Sun:
Then Phillis hastens to her darling Cow,
Whose shining Tresses wanton on her Brow,
While to her Cheek enlivining Colours sty,
And Health and Pleasure sparkle in her Eye.
Unspoil'd by Riches, nor with Knowledge vain,
Contented Cymon whistles o'er the Plain;
His Flock dismisses from their nightly Fold,
Observes their Health, and sees their Number told.

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Pleas'd with its Being, see the nimble Fawn
Sports in the Grove, or wantons o'er the Lawn,
While the pleas'd Coursers frolick out the Day,
And the dull Ox affects unwieldy Play.

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Then hafte, my Friend, to yonder Sylvan Bowers, Where Peace and Silence crown the blifsful Hours; In those still Groves no martial Clamours found, No streaming Purple stains the guiltless Ground; But fairer Scenes our ravish'd Eyes employ, Give a foft Pleasure, and a quiet Joy; Grief flies from hence, and wasting Cares subfide, While wing'd with Mirth the laughing Minutes glide. See, my fair Friend, the painted Shrubs are gay, And round thy Head ambrofial Odours play; At Sight of thee the swelling Buds expand, And op'ning Roses seem to court thy Hand; Hark, the shrill Linnet charms the distant Plain, And Philomel replies with fofter Strain; See those bright Lilies shine with milky Hue, And those fair Cowssips drop with balmy Dew;

C

To

To thee, my Fair, the chearful Linnet sings,
And Philomela warbles o'er the Springs;
For thee those Lilies paint the sertile Ground,
And those fair Cowssips are with Nectar crown'd;
Here let us rest to shun the scorching Ray,
While curling Zephyrs in the Branches play.
In these calm Shades no ghastly Woe appears,
No Cries of Wretches stun our frighted Ears;
Here no gloss'd Hate, no sainted Wolves are seen,
Nor busy Faces throng the peaceful Green;
But Fear and Sorrow leave the careful Breast,
And the glad Soul sinks happily to Rest.

HELLING SERVED TO THE SERVED T

DAMON and STREPHON.

A Pastoral Complaint.

Damon. Magneta state

S AY, why these Sighs that in thy Bosom rise?
Why from thy Cheek the wonted Crimson flies?
Why on the Ground are fix'd thy streaming Eyes?

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Still let this Bosom swell with aking Woe,
And from my Eyes the streaming Sorrows flow.
But Oh! the Cause—(See Clouds are gath'ring round,
And Zephyrs wait to catch the mournful Sound;
The sick'ning Trees all shed their blooming Store)
Why wouldst thou hear it?——Sylvius is no more.

Or midely blader in the Damon of Dade ylabor 10

Is Sylvius dead?—— then Phillis rend thy Hair,
And blot those Features that were late so fair.
Thou Sun, forbear to gild this fatal Day;
Nor you my Lambkins dare to think of Play.

100 V alolium a Strephon! sucted but does but

No more alas !--- no more the tuneful Swain

Shall with fost Numbers charm the list ning Plain.

No more his Flute shall greet the dawning Spring;

Nor to his Hand rebound the trembling String.

Crop all the Bearing Snomed aly Spring ?

Ah cruel Death! wou'd none but Sylvius do?

No meaner Swain amongst the worthy few?

Why didst thou take (and leave the baser Tribe)

The Flow'r of Shepherds and the Muses Pride?

C 2

Strephon.

20 Poins on feveral Occasions.

Strephon.

None knew like him the heavinly Notes to Iwell, and moral Tales in pleasing Numbers tell. While Sylvius sung, none thought the Day too long; But all repin'd at the too hasty Song.

Ye solemn Winds that whistle through the Glade,
Or rudely bluster in the darker Shade,
Go bear our Sorrows to the distant Shore,
And tell them Sylvius chears our Plains no more.

Strephon.

Vain are our Sighs, our Tears as vainly flow,
And each fad Bosom swells with fruitless Woe!
As northern Blasts destroy the Autumn Store,
So Sylvius fell and shall return no more.

No more his Flute file Litoma Cthe diswning Spring;

Enough of Sorrow——now your Garlands bring;

Crop all the Beauties of the early Spring;

Around his Tomb these willing Hands shall twine

The choicest Briers of sweet Eglantine.

Vil y diliketinou taken and leave absolutes a sibely W

Strephon.

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O for fome Ovot velocinodasts 8 de declare,

On his cold Grave a Laurel I bestow,
Which late did in my Father's Garden grow:
This Wreath Amyntas ask'd to shade her Brow,
But to my Sylvius I resign it now.

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And makes it cann as fromod Waters roll.

The pensive Swains shall strike their Bosoms there,
And soft-ey'd Virgins drop a gentle Tear:
May some good Angel guard the sacred Ground,
And Flow'rs unfading shed their Sweets around.

THE SECOND SECON

A SUMMER'S WISH.

MY Guardian, bear me on thy downy Wing To some cool Shade where infant Flow'rs spring; Where on the Trees sweet Hony-suckles blow, And ruddy Daisies paint the Ground below: Where the shrill Linnet charms the solemn Shade, And Zephyrs pant along the cooler Glade, Or shake the Bull-rush by a River Side, While the gay Sun-beams sparkle on the Tide:

C 3

O for fome Grot whose rustick Sides declare,
Ease, and not Splendor, was the Builder's Care;
Where Roses spread their unaffected Charms,
And the curl'd Vine extends her classing Arms;
Where happy Silence lulls the quiet Soul,
And makes it calm as Summer Waters roll.
Here let me learn to check each growing Ill,
And bring to Reason disobedient Will;
To watch this incoherent Breast, and find
What sav'rite Passions rule the giddy Mind.

Here no Reproaches grate the wounded Ear;
We see delighted, and transported hear,
While the glad Warblers wanton round the Trees,
And the still Waters catch the dying Breeze,
Grief waits without, and melancholy Gloom:
Come, chearful Hope, and fill the vacant Room;
Come ev'ry Thought, which Virtue gave to please;
Come smiling Health with thy Companion Ease:
Let these, and all that Virtue's self attends,
Bless the still Hours of my gentle Friends:

While the new Burn-beams fourfile wh the Tide:

Peace

Pea

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Peace to my Foes, if any such there be,
And gracious Heav'n give Repose to me.

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CHANTAL SERVICE STANKE SHEET CHANGE SHEET

An HYMN to the MORNING.

Fond to meet the western Gale.

SEE the lovely Morning rife,

See her Glories paint the Skies,

Half o'er the reviving Globe

Gaily spreads her Saffron Robe:

See the Hills with Flowers crown'd,

And the Valleys laughing round.

The wanders lander o'c. He Fleins,

Mira to Aurora fings,

While the Lark exulting fprings

High in Air--- and tunes her Throat

To a foft and merry Note;

The Goldfinch and the Linnet join:

Hail Aurora, Nymph divine.

See

C 4

Chine in her and her alone,

24 POEMS on Several Occasions.

Perce to my Percy if day (AH) frees be a

See Clione's gilded Car,
See it blazes from afar;
Here the fair One bends her Way,
Balmy Zephyrs round her play;
Now the lights upon the Vale,
Fond to meet the western Gale.

CUEE the lowly AlgeVI

May this artless Praise be thine,

Soft Clione half divine.

See her snowy Hand she waves,

Silent stand her waiting Slaves;

And while they guard the Silver Reins,

She wanders lonely o'er the Plains.

V

Lovely as the dawning Sky,

Innocence that ne'er beguiles

Lips that wear eternal Smiles:

Beauties to the rest unknown,

Shine in her and her alone.

N

J

No more the Rule no

Now the Rivers smoother flow, Now the opining Roses glow, The Woodbine twines her odorous Charms Round the Oaks supporting Arms: Lilies paint the dewy Ground. And Ambrofia breathes around.

VII.

Come, ye Gales that fan the Spring; Zephyr, with thy downy Wing, Gently waft to Mira's Breast Health, Content, and balmy Rest. Far, O far from hence remain Sorrow, Care, and fickly Pain.

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Marin S

VIII.

tes begarde to the stonger were

I sheeply public boA Thus fung Mira to her Lyre, Till the idle Numbers tire: While the dry Stab Ah! Sappho sweeter sings, I cry, And the spiteful Rocks reply, (Responsive to the jarring Strings) Sweeter--- Sappho fweeter fings.

POTONIA PER CONTRACTOR

COLINETTA.

TWAS when the Fields had shed their golden Grain.

And burning Suns had fear'd the ruffet Plain;
No more the Rose nor Hyacinth were seen,
Nor yellow Cowssip on the tusted Green:
But the rude Thistle rear'd its hoary Crown,
And the ripe Nettle shew'd an irksom Brown.
In mournful Plight the tarnish'd Groves appear,
And Nature weeps for the declining Year.
The Sun too quickly reach'd the western Sky,
And rising Vapours hid his ev'ning Eye:
Autumnal Threads around the Branches slew,
While the dry Stubble drank the falling Dew.

In this fick Season, at the close of Day,
On Lydia's Lap pale Colinetta lay;
Whose sallow Cheeks had lost their rosy Dye,
The Sparkles languish'd in her closing Eye.

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Parch'd were those Lips whence Musick us'd to flow, Nor more the Flute her weary Fingers know, Yet thrice to raise her seeble Voice she try'd, Thrice on her Tongue the fainting Numbers dy'd; At last reviv'd, on Lydia's Neck she hung, And like the Swan expiring thus she sung.

Farewel, to Swains; so suly Aymphs, adiene:

Farewel, ye Forests and delightful Hills,
Ye flow'ry Meadows and ye crystal Rills,
Ye friendly Groves to whom we us'd to run,
And beg a Shelter from the burning Sun.
Those blasted Shades all mournful now I see,
Who droop their Heads as tho' they wept for me.
The pensive Linnet has forgot to sing,
The Lark is silent till returning Spring.
The Spring shall all those wonted Charms restore,
Which Colinetta must behold no more.

Whose fertile Lays my early Labours knew;
Where, when an Infant, I was wont to stray,
And gather King-cups at the closing Day.

I dever finit young Pigeors from their D

How

O Lydia, thou, (if wayward Tongues shou'd blame My Life, and blot a harmless Maiden's Name)
Tell them if e'er I found a straggling Ewe,
Although the Owner's Name I hardly knew;
I fed it kindly with my Father's Hay,
And gave it shelter at the closing Day:
I never stole young Pigeons from their Dams,
Nor from their Pasture drove my Neighbours Lambs:
Nor set my Dog to hunt their Flocks away,
That mine might graze upon the vacant Lay.

And gather King-cups at the clother Days

And begin attend from the burning Bow. if fine

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When Phillida by dancing won the Prize,
Or Colin prais'd young Mariana's Eyes:
When Damon wedded Urs'la of the Grange,
My Cheek with Envy ne'er was seen to change!
When-e'er I saw Aminda cross the Plain,
Or walk the Forest with her darling Swain,
I never whisper'd to a Stander-by,
But hated Scandal and abhorr'd a Lye.
On Sundays I (as Sister Sue can tell)
Was always ready for the Sermon-bell!
I honour'd both the Teacher and the Day;
Nor us'd to giggle when he bid me pray:
Then sure for me there's something good in Store;
When Colinetta shall be seen no more.

When I am gone, I leave to Sifter Sue

My Gown of Jerfey, and my Aprons blue.

My studded Sheep-hook Phillida may take,

Likewise my Hay-fork and my Hazel Rake:

My hoarded Apples and my winter Pears

Be thine, O Lydia, to reward thy Cares.

30 POEMS on Several Occasions.

These Nuts that late were pluck'd from yonder Tree,
And this Straw-basket, I bequeath to thee:
That Basket did these dying Fingers weave:
My boxen Flute to Corydon I leave,
So shall it charm the list'ning Nymphs around,
For none like him can make it sweetly sound.

In our Churchyard there grows a spreading Yew, a Whose dark green Leaves distil a baneful Dew :2 no Be those sad Branches o'er my Grave reclin'd, who have And let these Words be graven on the Rind:

I never whileer'd to a Stander-hy

- " Mark, gentle Reader, Underneath this Tree,
- "There sleeps a Maid, old Simon's Daughter she; T
- "Thou too, perhaps, ere many Weeks be o'er, W
- " Like Colinetta, shalt be seen no more.

Cheft

Here ends the Maid — for now the Seal of Death Clos'd her pale Lips, and stop'd her rosy Breath. Market finking Eye-balls took their long Adieu, have all And with a Sigh her harmless Spirit slew. Spirit flew.

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The LINNET and the GOLDFINCH.

Ye Hope Stockles thed veste blockning Store :

WAS when the Morn disclos'd her rosy Brow, And new-wak'd Heisers in the Pastures low, When little Songsters in the Gales respire:

To Mira's Shades repair'd the woodland Choir;

Perch'd on a Bough that shone with Morning Dew.

The Linnet thus address'd the seather'd Crew.

The LINNET.

Say, my foft Sisters; say, ye tuneful Throng; I Who now demands the Tribute of a Song? Who call'd us here? Who gave us leave to rove And warble in this late forbidden Grove? And long ago as Mira, mournful Maid, All pensive sat beneath the dusky Shade, Just o'er her Head I whistled on a Bough, But Discontent sat frowning on her Brow:

Be gone thou too officious Bird, she cries;

(And turn'd on Me---- on Me her angry Eyes)

32 POEM'S on Several Occasions.

Go from my Bowers, lead the tuneful Throng;
For Artemifia hears no more your Song.
These slighted Shades can please the Fair no more;
Ye Hony-suckles shed your blooming Store;
Ye spreading Trees now let your Branches die;
And ye shrill Warblers from those Branches sly:
She said:—— the Blossoms fell from ev'ry Tree,
And we dejected from her Arbours slee;
We sted all mournful to the distant Plain:
Then say who calls us to these Groves again.

By Mira's Order to this Grove we came,
Mira, whose Sonnets please the rural Dame:
'Twas Yesternight she wav'd her Hand to me,
As I sat whistling on a Chesnut-tree:
Come here (she cry'd) ye soft aërial Choirs;
My Ear no more your sprightly Musick tires:
Now I can listen all the Ev'ning long,
For Artemisia will attend your Song:

She comes: Ye Trees put on your best Array, And with fresh Odours greet the rising Day.

Breathe.

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he.

Breathe sweet, ye Woodbines, and with Heads reclin'd Court the foft Whispers of the western Wind. Ye friendly Zephyrs, dry the dewy Ground; Shine bright, thou Sun; and laugh, ye Meads around: Thus Mira spoke. --- Once more the Blossoms glow, And milder Breezes o'er the Mountains blow. The fmiling Grove once more renews its Charms, And Trees embracing twift their curling Arms; Safely to shelter the expected Fair, From the hot Sun-beams or the northern Air : Here we attend, and hop from Spray to Spray, 'Till the kind Fates shall bring the with'd-for Day. When She, of whom our Mira daily fings, Whose Name she whispers to the list ning Springs, Shall bless these Shades-then, ye melodious Throng, Let each prepare 'em for the sprightly Song. Let the shrill Thrush begin her vary'd Strain, And the small Wren in softer Note complain. The piercing Linnet and the Lark agree, Less loud the Red-breast, Nightingale and me. Here ends the Goldfinch, and exulting springs; Her pleas'd Companions clap their joyful Wings.

The

THE RESERVE THE PROPERTY.

The MONTH of AUGUST.

Sylvanus, a Courtier. Phillis, a Country Maid.

SYLVANUS.

HAIL, Phillis, brighter than a Morning Sky,
Joy of my Heart, and Darling of my Eye;
See the kind Year her grateful Tribute yields,
And round-fac'd Plenty triumphs o'er the Fields.
But to yon Gardens let me lead thy Charms,
Where the curl'd Vine extends her willing Arms:
Whose purple Clusters lure the longing Eye,
And the ripe Cherries show their scarlet Dye.

PHILLIS.

Not all the Sights your boasted Gardens yield,
Are half so lovely as my Father's Field,
Where large Increase has bless'd the fruitful Plain,
And we with Joy behold the swelling Grain,
Whose heavy Ears towards the Earth reclin'd,
Wave, nod, and tremble to the whisking Wind.

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But see, to emulate those Cheeks of thine,
On you fair Tree the blushing Nectrins shine?
Beneath their Leaves the ruddy Peaches glow,
And the plump Figs compose a gallant Show.
With gaudy Plumbs see yonder Boughs recline,
And ruddy Pears in you Espalier twine.
There humble Dwarfs in pleasing Order stand,
Whose golden Product seems to court thy Hand.

word PHILLIDE STAD golden In A

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Y L-

In yain you tempt me while our Orchard bears.

Long-keeping Ruffers, lovely Cath rine Pears, of the Pears, of the

And the force that well & Aut was climite.

Fair are my Gardens, yet you flight them all;
Then let us hafte to you majestick Hall,

Where

36 POBMS on Several Occasions.

Where the glad Roofs shall to thy Voice resound,
Thy Voice more sweet than Musick's melting Sound:
Now Orion's Beam insests the sultry Sky,
And scorching Fevers through the Welkin sly;
But Art shall teach us to evade his Ray,
And the forc'd Fountains near the Windows play;
There choice Persumes shall give a pleasing Gale,
And Orange-slow'rs their od'rous Breath exhale,
While on the Walls the well-wrought Paintings glow,
And dazzling Carpets deck the Floors below:
O tell me, Thou whose careless Beauties charm,
Are these not fairer than a Thresher's Barn?

Council of P H I L I S. Thus Phin A

Believe me, I can find no Charms at all
In your fine Carpets and your painted Hall.
'Tis true our Parlour has an earthen Floor,
The Sides of Plaster and of Elm the Door:
Yet the rub'd Chest and Table sweetly shines,
And the spread Mint along the Window climbs:
An aged Laurel keeps away the Sun,
And two cool Streams across the Garden run.

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Les Phillis ne eracu warvahy & ve

In both those Pleasures be her Taste obey'd.

The ransack'd Earth shall all its Dainties send,

Till with its Load her plenteous Table bend.

Then to the Roofs the swelling Notes shall rise,

Pierce the glad Air and gain upon the Skies,

While Ease and Rapture spreads itself around,

And distant Hills roll back the charming Sound.

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Alast to me . True left que aliene.

Not this will lure me, for I'd have you know

This Night to feast with Corydon I go:

To Night his Reapers bring the gather'd Grain,

Home to his Barns, and leave the naked Plain:

Then Beef and Coleworts, Beans and Bacon too,

And the Plumb-pudding of delicious Hue,

Sweet-spiced Cake, and Apple pies good Store,

Deck the brown Board; who can defire more?

His Flute and Tabor too Amynter brings,

And while he plays soft Amaryllis sings.

Then strive no more to win a simple Maid,

From her lov'd Cottage and her silent Shade.

D 3

Let

38 - Prouders or feveral Occapions

Let Phillis ne'er, an never let her fove
From her first Virtue and her humble Groves.

Go seek some Nymph that dquals your Degree, de la And leave Content and Caridon for ind. And leave to the leave of the leave o

THE KOOLS THE TWEETING IN CEA THAIL THE

And PIST LE BOOM bela by

In while Rafe and Repture foreign is it is a faire, band and we will be the state of the state o

For Tyche and Coperniaus agrees and list aids to No golden Planet bent its Rays on me of their aid T

To Night his Respect bring the gether'd Grain, "Tis. twenty Winters, if it is no met a first Winters with the Brown on at it it, way be Twenty four. If then I had I four Brown on the Truth it may be Twenty four. If then I four Brown on the Sungar their 'pointed Space have from Since Mira's Eyes full open'd on the Sungar the Flocks on dabby Hillockt lyle, of I was when the Flocks on dabby Hillockt lyle, of I and the cold Fiftes rule the watry Sty and I all But the' these Eyes the learned Page openhous with And turn the pondrous Volumes o'er and went

From her lov'd Cottage and her filent Shade,

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he wanted Medicious with each hanic of

I find no Comfort from their Systems flow,
But am dejected more as more I know.
Hope shines a while, but like a Vapour slies,
(The Fate of all the Curious and the Wife)
For, Ah! cold Saturn triumph'd on that Day,
And frowning Sol deny'd his golden Ray.

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You see I'm learned, and I shew't the more,
That none may wonder when they find me poor.
Yet Mira dreams, as sumbring Poets may,
And rolls in Treasures till the breaking Day:
While Books and Pictures in bright Order rise,
And painted Parlours swim before her Eyes:
Till the shrill Clock impertmently rings,
And the soft Visions move their shining Wings:
Then Mira wakes,—her Pictures are no more,
And through her Fingers slides the vanish'd Ore.
Convinc'd too soon, her Eye unwilling falls
On the blue Curtains and the dusty Walls:
She wakes, alas! to Business and to mend her Clothes.
To sweep her Kitchen, and to mend her Clothes.

D 4

But

40 POEMS on feveral Occasions.

But see pale Sickness with her languid Eyes,
At whose Appearance all Delusion slies:
The World recedes, its Vanities decline,
Clorinda's Features seem as faint as mine:
Gay Robes no more the aking Sight admires,
Wit grates the Ear, and melting Musick tires:
Its wonted Pleasures with each Sense decay,
Books please no more, and Paintings sade away;
The sliding Joys in misty Vapours end:
Yet let me still, Ah! let me grasp a Friend:
And when each Joy, when each lov'd Object slies,
Be you the last that leaves my closing Eyes,

But how will this difmantl'd Soul appear,
When strip'd of all it lately held so dear,
Forc'd from its Prison of expiring Clay,
Afraid and shiv'ring at the doubtful Way,

entracinal Parlance limit believed to Burn

Yet did these Eyes a dying Parent see,

Loos'd from all Cares except a Thought for me,

Without a Tear resign her short'ning Breath,

And dauntless meet the ling'ring Stroke of Death.

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Then at th' Almighty's Sentence shall I mourn:

"Of Dust thou art, to Dust shalt thou return."

Or shall I wish to stretch the Line of Fate,
That the dull Years may bear a longer Date,
To share the Follies of succeeding Times

With more Vexations and with deeper Crimes:
Ah no—tho' Heav'n brings near the final Day,
For such a Life I will not, dare not pray;
But let the Tear for suture Mercy flow,
And fall resign'd beneath the mighty Blow.

Nor I alone—for through the spacious Ball,
With me will Numbers of all Ages fall:
And the same Day that Mira yields her Breath,
Thousands may enter through the Gates of Death.

What Names that Panders are demailibred to the second

The Proclamation of APOLLO.

MAY Artemifia hear my Strain,
I quote the Sages once again:
And shou'd you ask the Reason why,
Old Authors fib, and so may I."

Proceed

42 Porms on Several Occasions.

Proceed we then - Old Authors fay, A at 15 mon'T Apollo once made Holiday, and and and and to And call'd the Brethren of the Quill, I will I lind to To feast upon his tuneful Hill, mana Y has say and From ev'ry Nook and ev'ry Wind ! of call applied They came, for who wou'd flay behind! Great was the Crowd, as may be gues'd: Side grew to Side, and Back to Breaft, and a doubt Till the Imperial Prince of Song, Tall It and Italian Who fearing formething might be wrong, and had been Sent forth a Troop with Caps and Spears, 100 1 Much like Parnaffian Granadiers, To part the Crowd and give 'em Places. Now I have quite forgot, I fear, What Names the People gave 'em there Among the Mules - But I trow Men call 'em Criticks here below. Now when at last these sage Reformers, Had drove the Crew to Heaps and Corners, They call'd them out by two and three, And fet 'em in a due Degree,

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That each his proper Place should know, soled His On Laurel Benches all a-rows as a soled on the bank

Now you may think they all were happy in 108 As Drunkard o'ershie Jug of Nappy head agod o'T That ev'ry Brow was fontoth but older we diogh But first I beg you'delied in Ear saluM och lie baA The Queen of Louisto grace the Feath bound nen'T Had fent anthon and Pripes stilet that --- YO" " Our King commentation and fatersman and I and " To whet the Gueffi before they dine &ib too bnA ." But when the Cups had walk'd about the semon H " Some furly Bards bedan to obatil his of shall llad? " And wrinkle up their time Press to saturate and " And fret and fume about their Places places of T " Their giddy Brains to grow on a side and " Each thinking he was placed townswer a driw bak " This yow'd to make all Creatives few him on'W And That cou'd bear no Creature near him nings One feem'd to talk with mighty opht bostoria ? Of baffl'd Words and Highed Mehr 2 all " Another was in Pation harl'd weiv and good odW " And curs'd the world skilled werternau TuoY "

44 Posus on Several Occasions.

Till Choler swell'd in ev'ry Vein,	wiT
And each no longer cou'd contain, don'd lowed	aO.
But fairly went, as I'm a Sinner, your doy wo	đ _i
To Loggerheads before their Dinner, a bandan C	As
Apollo was offended quite, and word vivo 2	ulT.
And all the Muses in a Fright! now and I find	But
Then thunder'd out a Proclamation. I to many	Tin
" O Ye And all the rhining Nation, med I	Had
" Our King commands you to be fail, A prillim	() O
" And not disturb the facred Hill soo on solw	oT
when the Cops to be quiet, soul only	But
" Shall dare to aid this lawless Riot bull your on	103
"The Statutes of Parnaffian tender que of Mirw	
" The Stocks to ev'ry fuch Offender and bail	
" At this the Riot feem'd to cenfering abig nis	
" And with a murmur funk in Peace! addaids d	
"When all was filent to a Man, him of h wov a	
" Again the Herald thus began of boon and "	
" Directed by your Prince I bring at I man a	
"This Message from the laurel'daking," b'sad	
"Who long has view'd with filent Wood ward	
"Your Quarrels in the World below, in L'ano b	A
	and the second
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" How moral and fatirick Wits

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" And jingling Pedants - Rhiming Cits, days to Ver

" The gay, the empty, and the full,

"The foft, the froward, and the dull,

"Wage endless Wars with one another,

" And ev'ry Blockhead hates his Brother.

" But while you take a world of pains

"In pelting at each other's Brains;

" While Envy fwells the little Mind,

"You ne'er confider that you find

" (To see you in the Tempest hurl'd)

" Diversion for the laughing World;

" And fo you break all moral Rules

" To grow the Mocking-flock of Fools:

" But now Apollo begs you will be and the said

" Suspend your Quarrels, and be still:

" Let Wits shake Hands with one another,

" And ev'ry Dunce embrace his Brother,

" From batter'd Bards with ne'er a Shoe

" To those who strut about with two;

" From Poets doom'd to whittle Sticks, " I would

"To Rhimers in a Coach and Six."

" Let

46 PORMS on Several Occasions.

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" Let none prefume to fret and fquebble, on woll
" Nor curse the dirty rhiming Rabble: wallening Bra
" For see the Beams of Phabus Brike
" The Meadows, Hills, and Dales alike:
" So shines the Muse on ev'ry Creature,
"Who tags his humble Lines with Metre.
He faid - The Children of the Bays
Sent up a Shout of mingled Praise,
Devoutly promiting to pay
Obedience to the Prince of Day;
And now they fee the Tables spread
With Dainties and Pornassian Bread,
Whose tiny Loaves were nicely white,
And no French Rolls were half to light:
The first bold Course was brought along
In Difhes made of Honer's Song.
Next Virgil on the Table Chines,
And then smooth Quid's tender Lines.
The gay Defert expected to view, and harmed most a
Of modern Authors not a few, some of a dealers
Heroicks in the midst presides to most most most most

Here through transparent Sonnets gleam Whip-Syllabubs and fpiced Cream: There loaded Epigrams appear, And little Mottos close the Rear.

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Now Dinner past their jolly Souls. Cut Capers to the Nectar Bowls, Till ev'ry Bard had drank his fill, And then they left the tuneful Hill. But ere they part, the laurel'd King, Extracted from a wond'rous Spring A magick Bath of mighty Pow'r, Whose Virtues could in half an Hour Make Proof against sharp Satyr's Pain, The Fibres of a Dunce's Brain; wall be vessel and a selection And give him Confidence to push the most stal of Through the broad World without a Blush. Apollo next upon the Crew,

Bestow'd a Grey-goose Quill or two, & way borney With Ink that into Metre runs, And charms against the Fear of Duns, who so O This done dismiss'd 'em, as before, and and I' With Sirs, your Servant, and no more, A M 1 1 1 1 1

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The FALL of LUCIA.

UCIA was fair and bright as rifing Day, Sweet as Arabia, or the Buds of May; Fresh as the Winds that sweep the dewy Hills, Or Beds of Roses wash'd by healthy Rills: Whose Soul was softer than a trembling Dove, Nor knew a Failing till the learn'd to love. Nor Fraud nor Scandal to her Lips were known, And thought each Bosom guiltless as her own. Thus only arm'd with Innocence and Smiles She fell the Victim of a Tyrant's Wiles. So loft from Shepherd and its mourning Dam. Through fome lone Defart roves a stragg'ling Lamb; No Danger fears, but as he idly frays Round ev'ry Buth the heedless Wanton plays; Till raging Wolves the beautoous Toy furround, Or foaming Tigers rend the mostly Ground: Then from his Heart the guiltless Purple flows, A grateful Morfel to his hungry Foes: A MAN

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Thus wrap'd in Sorrows wretched Lucia lies. Whose Sighs still answer to her Areaming Eyes. And Damon Rill - Ah I faithless Damon cries, No more those Lips like dewy Roses glow Her weary Lids no peaceful Slumbers know: But left to strike her pensive Breast in vain, And curse the Author of her lasting Pain. Her Soul of Ease has took its long Adieu: Hear this, ye Nymphs; but hear and tremble too, Ye Fair that lanch in Pleasure's tempting Sea, Though Fortune crowns you with a calmer Day, And Joy's foft Gale falutes your nimble Car: Where Lucia's Fame was ship wreck'd on the Shore, Yet let Reflexion mark your gliding Days, O good Nor drink too deeply in the Draught of Praise : 10 For Flatt'ry is - " So fay the learned Schools A " The Bane of Virgins and the Bait of Foots ! O A How happy the whose purer Spirit knows, No Thought less harmless than a Saint's Repose, Whose guiltless Charms pursue no greater End. But to rejoice a Parent or a Friend:

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IN W distribution of water work

Whofe

Whose Care it is her Passions to control. And keep the Steerage of a quiet Soul: Then this shall grace her monumental Page, " In Youth admir'd, and belov'd in Age."

CONTROL OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE

The CRUCIFIXION and RESURRECTION.

An ODE.

To Private the Control of the I was a second with the control

THAT means the reeling Earth? O why These Wonders in the dreadful Sky? The frighted Sun withdraws its Beams, Deep Groans are heard and doleful Screams. O fay, what this Convulsion means: Afflicted Nature with a Shriek replies, A God expires, a mighty Saviour dies.

Low happy the whole park 18 Shirt leavens,

The conscious Stars their Rays deny, The Moon receives a crimfon Dye. The Temple conscious of its Fall, to on one of the Now shakes its emblematick Wall.

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The Ocean stagnates, and the Mountains bow, And Angels weep that never wept till now.

Still tremble, Earth, and still, O Sky,
Thy ever-chearing Lamps deny:
Amaz'd still let the Ocean stand,
But what remains for guilty Man?
What Groans? what Sorrows are for him decreed?

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For Man whose Crimes have made Persection bleed?

IV.

But see, O see, the Sun returns!

No more afflicted Nature mourns!

The Stars their vacant Orbs regain!

And the Moon sheds a silver Beam!

While heav'nly Voices warble in the Skies,

"Behold your Saviour from his Tomb arise.!"

V.

While Saints attend the bleffed Morn,
He rose: — The God in human Form,
A Form not made of vulgar Clay:
Which, tho' it slept, cou'd not decay!

Hail,

5,2 POEMS on Several Occasions.

Hail, Mortals; Hail (transported Seraphs cry)
Redeem'd, and favour'd by the God most high.

VI.

In Heav'n let Joys eternal flow,
And Mercy in the Worlds below;
The Penitent shall Peace obtain,
And not a Tear shall fall in vain.
Then join, ye Worlds, in one glad Chorus sing,
Praise to Messiah, and th' Almighty King.

MANUTER CONTROL OF THE SECOND SECOND

The Third Chapter of the Wisdom of SOLOMON.

From the First to the Sixth Verfe.

THUS fung the Man, for Wildom long renown'd, What mean these Tears and mournful Numbers round?

Is Death the Cause? Ah! then restrain your Tears,
That stubborn Monarch nor regard nor hears,
And the blest Shades for whom you vainly mourn,
To these dim Regions wou'd no more return,

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Wrap'd in bright Visions they no Ills endure,
From Sin, from Danger, and from Death secure:
'Tis past. The parting Struggles are no more,
They now are landed on the blissful Shore,
Where no pale Fears nor sullen Sorrows dwell;
But Joys beyond what mortal Tongues can tell?
Where smiling Hope for ever blooms around,'
And growing Pleasures that shall know no Bound.

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When thoughtless Mortals by constraint attend
On the last Moments of their parting Friend,
See the chang'd Features wear a deathful Hue,
The Temples water'd with a fainting Dew,
The Limbs that tremble with convulsive Pain:
Then stand agast the ignorant and vain,
Who shiver at the seeming stern Decree;
But look no farther than their Eyes can see,
The happy Soul glides unobserv'd away
To Worlds of Glory and eternal Day,

The Pains and Sorrows which the Virtuous know, Which long had bid the Tears in secret flow, Shall not be lost nor bury'd in the Ground; But serve to brighten their immortal Crown:

E 3

From

54 POEMS on Several Occasions.

From that great Being they shall find their Pay, Who blest the rising and the closing Day.

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When the pure Spirit from its Prison flies,
How joy the Seraphs in their brighter Skies:
Around their Guest the shining Guards attend,
And heav'nly Harps with heav'nly Voices blend.

HE SHE SHE SOME SEED AND HER VER

ESSAY on HAPPINESS.

OTHING, dear Madam, nothing is more true,

Than a short Maxim much approv'd by you;
The Lines are these: "We by Experience know
"Within ourselves exists our Bliss or Woe."
Tho' round our Heads the Goods of Fortune roll,
Dazzle they may, but cannot chear the Soul.
Content, the Fountain of eternal Joy,
Can Riches purchase, or can Want destroy?
No. Born of Heav'n, its Birth it will maintain,
No Slave to Power nor the Prize of Gain:
Say, who can buy what never yet was sold?
No Wealth can bribe her, nor no Bonds can hold:
Some-

See Rage show, a in that hells Frown:

Our while you have attended in the

Of Joy impatient and as desidely tied,

Sometimes she deigns to shine in lofty Halls,
But found more frequent in a Cottage Walls;
Her Flight from thence too often is decreed,
Then Poverty is doubly curs'd indeed.

Content and Bliss, which differ but in Name,
Alike their Natures and their End the same,
Fast bound together in eternal Chains.
This as the End — The other, as the Means,
Will ne'er divide. But who enjoys the one,
Must find the other ere the setting Sun.

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Then where? Ah where do these fair Sisters sly?

Beneath the northern or the southern Sky.

Courts do they love? The Senate or the Town,

Or the still Village and the healthful Down.

Say, do they like Humila's humble Vest,

Or the gay Diamonds on Belinda's Breast.

To none of these, alas, are they confin'd,

But the still Bosom and the virtuous Mind.

E 4

See

56 POEMS on Several Occasions.

See Glaro feated on his gilded Car, Whose stubborn Passions wage continual War. Who cannot call that ravag'd Heart his own, Where Vice and Virtue flruggle for the Throne. See Rage appearing in that hostile Frown: Now Fears diffract him and now Pleasures drown. Now turns to Heav'h with repentant Tears: But the next Hour at his Chaplain freers: h most fire This day a Beaft, the next a reas ning Mane Behold him right, then envy, if you can, Pale Livia too - Who pants beneath the weight Of irkfom Jewels and afflicting State; Whose Glass and Pillow do her Time divider At once oppress'd with Sickhess and with Pride. The shapely Stays her aking Ribs confine, And in her Ears the sparkling Pendents Thine. Yet not a Joy the tortur'd Wretch can feel Beyond Ixion on his rolling Wheel; when y'th

See restless Che, fond to be admired, Of Joy impatient and as quickly tired,

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When first her Eye-lids open on the Day, With eager hafte the gobbles down her Tea, And to the Park commands her rolling Wheels, Yet fighs and wishes for the rural Fields: Then back to Cards and Company the flies Then for the Charms of melting Mufick dies. At Eve the Play, Affembly, or the Ball: She hates them fingly, yet wou'd grafp 'em all : With languid Spirits and appal'd Defires. She to her Closet and her Book retires. But Solitude offends the sprightly Fair: Reading the loaths, and Thought the cannot bear. Then to her Chamber and her Couch the flies. Where gilded Charlots fwim before her Eyes. In vain for Sleep the folds her weary Arms, Who wou'd be Clos to enjoy her Charms?

In yonder Path Sir Thrifty we behold,
With Beaver drooping and with Garments old;
Whose dirty Linen shews no Mark of Pride,
Nor sparkling Laces deck his stender Side;

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Whose heavy Soul a saucy Wit wou'd swear,
Was made exactly to his easy Chair.
Whose tasteless Senses ask for nothing new,
Whose Meals are temp'rate and whose pleasures sew:
"Is this Man blest? — He may be so. — But when?
"Why, when his Thousands rise to number ten,
"From ten to twenty, and from twenty — Hold,
"To one round Million of bright Sterling Gold;"
Not there we stop, for Avarice will crave
Till it shall meet with its grand Cure, the Grave,

Lavinia's bleft with all that Man defires,
With Eyes that charm and Reason that inspires;
Youth, Wealth, and Friends, to gild her shining Days,
The poor Man's Blessing and the rich Man's Praise.
With Judgment sound and touch'd by no extreme,
Speech gently slowing and a Soul serene,
For ever pleasing and for ever true,
By all admir'd, envy'd by a few:
"Then she is happy, tho' beneath the Sky,
"Hold, not so hasty:—Let her Husband die."

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Then who are happy, 'twill be hard to fay,
Since undifturb'd it feldom lasts a Day:
For who in Smiles beholds the Morning Sun,
May weed before his short-liv'd Journey's done.
All Pleasures satiate and all Objects cloy;
We crave, we grasp, but loath the tasted Joy:
Nor Wealth nor Beauty, Friend's norFortune's Smile,
Can bless our Moments, tho' they may beguile:
Nor Wit with Happiness can often grow,
A helpless Friend, if not an arrant Foe.

Where then? O where shall Happiness be found?
Say, shall we search the rolling World around,
On borrow'd Pinions travel through the Sky,
Or to the Centre drive our piercing Eye?
Cease, busy Fool: Is Happiness thy Care?
Pierce thy own Breast, and thou wilt find it there:
Drive thence the Passions, and the Guilt expel,
And call fair Virtue to the polish'd Cell.
Call soft Content with all her smiling Train;
Peace for thy Health, and Patience for thy Pain:

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Then

Then not till then, O Man, thy Heart shall know Bliss so ador'd, but seldom found below.

PARKETHE PARKET PARKET

An ESSAY on HOPE.

O you who ne'er the willing Venle refuse, Thus fings an humble but a grateful Wule; Our Theme is Hope - but of a diff rent kind, The Bane or Bleffing of the fubject Wind; This dawning Joy that to the Soul was given, As a short Earnest of lits future Heavin To blame is not the Purpose of my Song, But warn our Sifters and to place it wrongs Shun trifling Hope, that bids your Pancy rolf, The conftant Torment of a reftless Soul: For two pale Handmaids are for ever near, Sick Disappointment and the fecret Tear: 'Tis this that makes the reftless Heart repine, Beneath the Treasures of an Indian Mine Much Fortune gives - Yet, Give us more, they ery, And some new Prospect lures the dazzl'd Eye:

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POEMS on Several Occasions. 62
Like wanton Babes they reach at something more,
And drop the Gewgaws which they held before.

See the puff'd Tradesman strut before his Door, Whose Birth was humble and whose Fortune poor; Yet you may see his roving Thoughts depend On some bold Venture or some wealthy Friend, Till the lost Bankrupt drops into the Jaw Of pale Discredit and voracious Law.

The grave-fac'd Student better learn'd than fed With Store of Logick in his aking Head, Sees pleafing Pictures in his Bosom drawn, The Dean's soft Cushion and the Bishop's Lawn; He dines with Lords and takes the highest Place, And weds a Countess, Cousin to his Grace. But soon his Heart the lost Delusion mourns: And the proud Prelate to a Curate turns On some dark Dome with thirty Pounds per-ann, He sips his Liquors in a pewter Cann.

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62 POEMS on Several Occasions.

Young Seizum, fated to distract the Law. Who talks of Men and Books he never faw, Now struts a Counsellor, a Serjeant now, While the quick Turns elate his fcornful Brow. Behold the Judge in that commanding Frown: See then: just then he strok'd his Ermin'd Gown Cecilia foft, whose pleasing Features shine Bright in their Wane, and beauteous in Decline, Still to her eyes recalls the fcatter'd Darts, Still hopes the Conquest of a thousand Hearts. Care stalks around: Vexation hovers nigh; Her Friends bewail her, and her Children cry : Her wounded Ears their hateful Whinings tire, Whose Fancy dwells upon a wealthy 'Squire: Wrap'd in foft Visions on her Couch she lies; Knights, Peers, and Garters swim before her Eyes. She rides in triumph through her Husband's Fields, And hears the rattling of her Chariot Wheels, Till her charm'd Senses will contain no more; Then flies the Vision through its Iv'ry Door,

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See Acamas with Time's fad Burden bow, Guilt in his Breast and Wrinkles on his Brow; Yet points out Cloe for his charming Bride, And fain would tempt her to his frozen Side: At Chapel where foft Grace and Virtue calls, And pale Vice trembles at the facred Walls; Where Conscience warns the guilty Wretch to pray And beg a Bleffing on his clofing Day. The Preacher reads: But Acamas the while TESTED TO Grins at his Cloe with a ghastly Smile. Drives hon In their red Orbs his waiting Eye-balls roll, And charming Cloe rushes on his Soul: But Death will teach the filver-bearded Fool Some other Lesson in his gloomy School.

Blank Disappointment with its Train attends In Delia's Heart, if Delia's Heart depends On Silia's Tongue so aptly hung with Guile, On Cynthio's Friendship or on Clara's Smile: Such courtly Friends are like the show'ry Bow, Ting'd with salse Lustre by Reslexion glow:

Like

Like its faint Rays they hardly last an Hour,
Lost in a Cloud or melted in a Show'r.

If trifling Hope has any room to plead,
'Tis that where Nature's simple Dictates lead:
So the wet Hind, who travels o'er the Plain
Through the cold Mire and afflicting Rain;
Tho' his low Roofs with trickling Show'rs run,
May hope next Morn to see the chearful Sun:
Or when keen Hunger at the ev'ning Tide
Drives home the Shepherd to his rustick Bride,
His honest Reason haply might not stray,
'Tho' he should dream of Dumpling all the way.

See fad *Emilia* doom'd by fatal Vows
To the harsh Usage of a Tyrant Spouse,
To see his Mistress in her Woes rejoice,
Her Fortune wasted on his guilty Choice,
To bear Reproaches doubled on her Ear,
Yet only answer with a filent Tear.
Tho' patient Wives must wait the Fate's good time;
Yet she, I think, may hope without a Crime.

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But the grand Hope that yields perpetual Joy,
No trifles gave, no trifles can destroy;
With Mercy from the blest Abode it came,
Its Birth Celestial and its End the same;
That bids our Days in one smooth Tenor roll,
Its task to chear and harmonize the Soul.
On smarting Want it pours a healing Balm,
Makes Toil seem pleasant and Affliction calm.

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Still inclined leadings server by talling on a fair

Third each of viscours at an Amelion 69

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The MORAL VISION.

TYRANNICK Winter's Iron Reign was done,
And the foft Twins receiv'd the radiant Sun;
The chearful Earth appear'd in vernal Pride;
And the clear Waves did more screnely glide:
Kind Zephyns play'd around the waving Trees,
While op'ning Roses caught the welcome Breeze.

Amid these Scenes beneath a Maple Shade,

But

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POEMS on feveral Occasions. 66

While frolick Fancy led the usual Train Of gaudy Phantoms through her cheated Brain: Till Slumber feiz'd upon her thoughtful Breaft, And the still Spirits funk in balmy Rest: But while her Eyes had bid the World farewel, Thus Mira dream'd, and thus her Dreams we tell; A feeming Nymph, like those of Dian's Train, Came swiftly tripping o'er the flow'ry Plain, Whose smiling Face was as the Morning fair, A filver Fillet ty'd her flaxen Hair, A golden Zone her lovely Bosom bound, And her green Robe hung careless on the Ground. Sleep, happy Mortal, with a Smile she cries, And turn'd on Mira her far-beaming Eyes. Y Still o'er thy own aerial Mountains stray, And in bright Visions slumber out the Day; With gaudy Scenes delude thy dazzl'd Mind, Yet thou must wake and leave 'em all behind: Yes, thou shalt drop from that enchanted Sky, And wake to Wisdom with a weeping Eye, While in a Mist the Thining Prospects end; Then hear, O Mira, thy immortal Friend. While

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Recall thy wand'ring Thoughts, and make 'em dwell In the small Limits of their native Cell.

To thine own Heart confine thy chiefest Care,

For Mira, know, thy Joys are planted there:

And as you manage and improve the Soil,

'Twill punish your Neglect, or pay your Toil;

Here let your Views and your Ambition rest,

To reign the Queen of a well-govern'd Breast,

This Point secur'd, let Heav'n dispose the rest.

Yet you may ask for what your State requires,

But not the Gewgaws your Caprice desires:

As thus, 'O keep me from the reach of Pain,

- ' From meagre Famine and her mournful Train:
- Let not Reproach affault my wounded Ears,
- 'Nor let my Soul behold a Friend in Tears:
- ' Secure from Noise, let my still Moments run,
- ' And still be chearful as the rifing Sun:
- ' Or if a Gloom my trembling Heart invades,
- 'Ah! may it vanish with the nightly Shades
- 'Through the craz'd Walls: O may not Reason fly?
- But if it does then let its Mansion die:

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68 POEMS on Several Occasions.

- Let not Remorfe of Guilt the certain Pay,
- Blot my clear Sun nor stain its parting Ray:
- Give me a lively but a guiltless Mind,
- ' A Body healthful and a Soul refign'd.

Thus far, O Mira, thou mayst ask of Heav'n, How bles'd the Mortal to whom these are giv'n: If such thy Lot, let Kings enjoy their Crowns, Their pageant State and arbitrary Frowns: Who, tho' encircl'd by their shining Slaves, Intriguing Friends and well dissembl'd Knaves, Are only wretched Idols plac'd on high, To bear the Rage of a tempestuous Sky: And while the Storms around his Temples blow, His fawning Servants safely sneer below: But now the Sun brings on the Noon of Day, Rise, Mira, rise and shun the scorching Ray: This said, no more appear'd the beauteous Maid, And Mira waking found a lonely Shade.

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A PRAYER for the YEAR, 1745.

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A LMIGHTY Wisdom, at whose Nod
The Stars shall cease to shine,
Great Nature's Father, Guide, and God,
O let me call thee mine.

Yet not for me, and me alone,

Thy Mercies I implore:

No, let that Blifs to all be known,

That tremble and adore.

Now Fear, that makes the Sorrows flow

Ev'n from the Infant's Eyes,

O'er-whelms in one promiscuous Woe

The Ignorant and Wise.

Then hear, O hear, thy Servants cry,
We beg thy faving Hand:
To whom but Heav'n shou'd we apply,
To raise a drooping Land!

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Be thou the Guard of helples Age,

The wretched Orphan's Friend:

O smooth the Face of hostile Rage,

And spare its purple End.

Restrain the Hand of threat'ning Pride,
Asswage the cruel Breast:
Teach Mercy to the Victor Side,
And Patience to the rest.

And when the Sword of Conquest shall
The trembling Wretch arraign,
Let Justice guide the equal Scale,
Nor swerve the steady Beam.

Preserve the merciful and kind
From Violence and Pain:
And let the meek and gentle Mind
Rejoice, and not complain.

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72 POEMS on Several Occasions,

Or teach my Age thy faving Truth,
O hear me when I call,

Thou mighty Lord of all above
And all beneath the Sun,
Thy Servant's humble Suit approve;
If not, thy Will be done.

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Belief Hall Street and sylverial

DAVID's Complaint, ii Samuel, chap. 1.

MOURN, Judab, mourn beneath the filent

And pierce the Deserts with thy midnight Cry.

See Zion, conscious of her failing Powers,

Heaves from her Base and shakes the nodding Bowers.

For their lost Sires orphan'd Babes complain,

And Matrons strike their widow'd Breasts in vain;

From Street to Street the howling Mourners sly,

Fear on their Brows and Horror in their Eye.

For why, her Peers are wash'd with purple Gore:

Her Princes and her Monarch is no more:

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Whom not the facred Diadem cou'd shield, But ferv'd to fwell the Horrors of the Field. But why, amongst the Heathen doom'd to fall? Is this, alas, the End of mighty Saul? Mourn, mourn, in Silence lest Philistia hear, Nor let our Foes behold the streaming Tear. But O my Friend- (Ah there my Sorrows fwell) Deny'd the Bleffing of a fad Farewel? Whose ruddy Cheeks confess'd their early Prime, Nor his smooth Brows had felt the Stroke of Time. He was my Soul's best Pleasure while alive, And is he blafted? — then do I furvive? Ah no, 'tis Death and aggravated Woe. 0 fay, my Heart, canst thou sustain the Blow? Ye Nations, mourn ——if such a thing cou'd be, Till Nature too shou'd learn to grieve, like me: Ye smiling Dames, your gaudy Robes resign, And fuit your Garments and your Griefs to mine. Go, hide your flighted Beauties from the Sun, While down your Cheeks the streaming Sorrows run. Still let your Eye-balls waste their humid Store, And still repeat — Your Monarch is no more!

74 PORMS on Several Occasions.

Be thou, Gilbon, wrap'd in endless Night,

Nor let thy Hills behold the Beams of Light.

Let the gay Sun to thee his Rays deny,

While rattling Tempests o'er thy Borders fly.

There Judab's Chief lay prostrate on the Ground,

And there my Friend receiv'd the mortal Wound.

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ESSAY on FRIENDSHIP.

To Artemifia.— 'Tis to her we fing,
For her once more we touch the founding String,
'Tis not to Cythera's Reign nor Cupid's Fires,
But facred Friendship that our Muse inspires.
A Theme that suits Æmilia's pleasing Tongue:
So to the Fair Ones I devote my Song.

The Wise will seldom credit all they hear,
Tho' saucy Wits shou'd tell them with a Sneer,
That Womens Friendships, like a certain Fly,
Are hatch'd i'th Morning and at Ev'ning die.
'Tis true, our Sex has been from early Time
A constant Topick for Satirick Rhyme:

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Nor without Reason — since we're often sound,
Or lost in Passion, or in Pleasures drown'd:
And the sierce Winds that bid the Ocean roll,
Are less inconstant than a Woman's Soul:
Yet some there are who keep the mod'rate Way,
Can think an Hour, and be calm a Day:
Who ne'er were known to start into a Flame,
Turn Pale or tremble at a losing Game.
Run Chloe's Shape or Delia's Features down,
Or change Complexion at Celinda's Gown:
But still serene, compassionate and kind,
Walk through Life's Circuit with an equal Mind.

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Of all Companions I would choose to shun
Such, whose blunt Truths are like a bursting Gun,
Who in a Breath count all your Follies o'er,
And close their Lectures with a mirthful Roar:
But Reason here will prove the safest Guide,
Extremes are dang'rous plac'd on either Side.
A Friend too soft will hardly prove sincere;
The Wit's inconstant, and the Learn'd severe.

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76 POEMS on Several Occasions.

Good-Breeding, Wit, and Learning, all conspire To charm Mankind and make the World admire: Yet in a Friend but serve an under Part, The main Ingredient is an honest Heart: By this can Urs'la all our Souls subdue Which wanting, this, not Sylvia's Charms, can do.

Now let the Muse (who takes no Courtier's Fee)

Point to her Friend—and future Ages see

(If this shall live 'till future Ages be)

One Line devoted to Fidelia's Praise,

The lov'd Companion of my early Days:

Whouse harmless Thoughts are sprightly as her Eyes,

By Nature chearful, and by Nature wise.

To have them last, the social Laws decree; We choose our Friendships in the same degree: What mighty Pleasure, if we might presume, To strut with Freedom in Arvida's Room, Or share the Table what supreme Delight? With some proud Dutchess or a scornful Knight,

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To fit with formal and affenting Face?

For who shall dare to contradict her Grace?

Our free-born Nature hates to be confin'd,
Where State and Power check the speaking Mind;
Where heavy Pomp and sullen Form withholds
That chearful Ease and Sympathy of Souls.

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But yet the Soul whate'er its Partner do,
Must lift its Head above the baser Crew.
Celestial Friendship with its nicer Rules,
Frequents not Dunghills nor the Clubs of Fools.
It asks, to make this Union soft and long,
A Mind susceptible, and Judgment strong;
And then a Taste: But let that Taste be giv'n
By mighty Nature and the Stamp of Heav'n:
Possest of these, the justly temper'd Flame
Will glow incessant, and be still the same:
Not mov'd by Sorrow, Sickness, or by Age
To sullen Coldness or distemper'd Rage.
The Soul unstain'd with Envy or with Pride,
Pleas'd with itself and all the World beside,
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78 POEMS on Several Occasions.

Unmov'd can fee gilt Chariots whirling by, Or view the wretched with a melting Eye, Discern a Failing and forgive it too: Such, Artemisia, we may find in you.

Be feldom four, or your Friends will fly
From the hung Forehead and the scornful Eye:
Nor, like Aurelia, in the Morning kind,
And soft as Summer or the western Wind:
But round ere night her giddy Passions wheel,
She'll clap the Door against your parting Heel.
An even Temper will be sure to please,
With cool Reslexion and a chearful Ease.

But fee Armida's unfrequented Rooms,
How vainly fpread with Carpets and Perfumes:
All shun her like the Cocatrice's Beams,
And for no other Reason but her loath'd Extremes.
To-day more holy than a cloister'd Nun,
Almost an Atheist by to-morrow's Sun:
Now speaks to Heaven with a listed Eye:
Now to her Footman, You're a Rogue, and lye.

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O say, from what strange Principles begin
These odd Compounds of Piety and Sin?
A sickly Fair may some Excuses sind,
(What grieves the Body will affect the Mind)
But not the Creatures who have learn'd to screen
Their own Ill-nature in the name of Spleen.
What the black Mists afflict the aking Skull,
The Spirits tremble and the Heart be dull:
Have you from thence a Licence to offend,
Affront a Patron or abuse a Friend?
And ape the Manners of a surly Beast,
Because 'tis cloudy and the Wind's i'th' East?

But all have Failings, not the best are free,
Or in a greater or a less Degree.
What follows then? — Forgive, or unforgiven
Expect no Passage at the Gate of Heav'n.
Kind Nature gave, in Pity to Mankind,
This social Virtue to the human Mind:
This gives our Pleasures a more easy Flow,
And helps to blunt the Edge of smarting Woe:

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80 Porms on Several Occasions.

The Soul's Relief, with Grief or Cares opprest,

Is to disclose them to a faithful Breast;

And then how lovely in a Friend appear,

The mournful Sigh and sympathizing Tear.

When changing Fortune with propitious Ray,

Gilds the brown Ev'ning or the smiling Day;

The pleas'd Companion shares the welcome Tide,

And wrap'd in Joy the happy Minutes glide.

Grave Authors differ — Men of Sense incline
This Way or that — Opinions rarely join:
Their Thoughts will vary. Why? Because they're free,
But most in this and only this agree;
That our chief Task is seldom to offend,
And Life's great Blessing a well-chosen Friend.



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The MISTAKEN LOVER.

STREPHON the sprightly and the gay,
Lov'd Celia fresh and fair as May:
None shone so brilliant in the Mall,
The Court, th' Assembly and the Ball;
None bare at Will's the laurel'd Prize,
But Celia with the killing Eyes.

"Twas at the Drawing Room or Play,

(But which our Author cannot fay)

As Celia roll'd her Eyes around,

This Youth receiv'd a mortal Wound.

What shou'd he do? —— "Commence the Beau,

"For Women oft are caught by Show."

The wounded Strephon now behold,

Array'd in Coat of Green and Gold,

(Of which we something might advance)

The Sleeve was a-la-mode de France.

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We leave it here - and hafte to tell, How fmartly round his Temples fell The modish Wig. — Yet we presume, More graceful was the scarlet Plume: Tho' fome rude Soldier (doom'd to bear The Southern and the Northern Air. And walk through ev'ry kind of Weather) Might jeer at Strephon's scarlet Feather; And tell us fuch shou'd ne'er be wore, Unless you fought at Marston-moor.

His Person finish'd, now the Care Is to address and gain the Fair: He purchas'd all the Songs of Note, debillor basiles And got the Lover's Cant by rote: He brib'd her Footmen and her Maids, alut thou'd he And with his nightly Serenades Her vaulted Roofs and Gardens rung For her he ogled, danc'd and fung trav d in Coat o Was often at her Toilet feen. With Sonnets to the Pappian Queen:

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Then at her Feet dejected lying, bean I beamout swill Praying, weeping, fighing, dying and hold off

"Was Celia kind?" It shall be known:
D'ye think our Hearts are made of Stone?
Yes, she was kind, and to proceed,
The Writings drawn and Friends agreed:
Grave Hymen's sacred Knot was ty'd, was spaled but A. And Celia Fair commenc'd a Bride,

But that her Bloom is foon decay? d

But I shall pass the Wedding-day, who reduce but A Nor stay to paint the Ladies gay,

Nor Splendor of the lighted Hall, who do not work.

The Feast, the Fiddles, nor the Ball, who are lie and a lovely Theme!————Tis true, but then on shall we'll leave it to a softer Fen. I was a last even and Those transient Joys will fade too soon,

We'll therefore skip the Hany-Moonedau Haid Those sections and Aladu Me're I

'Twas half a Year — It might be more, to and asW Since Celia brought her thining Store, aggue and and T

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84 Rolm Son Several Occasions

Five thousand Pounds of Sterling clear, I and its said?

To bless the Mansion of her Dear.

Some tell us Wives their Beauties lose, When they have spoil'd their bridal Shoes:
Some learned Casuists make it clear, A word of A Wise might please for half a Year:
And others say, her Charms will hold
As long as the suspended Gold;
But that her Bloom is soon decay'd,
And wither'd when her Fortune's paid.

Now which of these was Cella's Case, bridge of (Tho' all are common to her Race) and the Hard of the But leave the Learn'd to pick it out.

Nor flav to paint the leadies gav, will lead to the

This Husband, whimfical and gay, not the line of those most happy Elves, and Play,

Was one of those most happy Elves, and Play and That dote upon their charming Selves:

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Who hating dull domestick Walls, when applied of Fly here and there as Fancy calls; the pursuit of fomething new, have a large of the Nor even to their Vices true.

Vor Tables and tim Cards they call. There

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Mistaken Strepton finds no more

His Celia charming as before:

Her Eyes! — Why, they have lost their Fire:

The Roses on her Cheek expire:

Her Shape — 'Tis alter d strangely, fure;

Her Voice no Mortal can endure.

'And the strangely and the strangely are strangely as the strange

Then to the Park where Claudia rolls and the Her Eyes to fish for shallow Souls: which a said the Or at the Play he must appear, who I a who I am For lovely Lindamine is there:

No mortal Bell so fair as she, and the part of the American Strephon was but free.

G 3

Perhaps

Perhaps may with his Descrit dine, the princil call Then hey for Company and Wine; it has sind will Wine that wou'd make an Hermit gay; where ni like With Mufick intermix'd and Play. To note to I For Tables and for Cards they call: The Dice-box rattles in the Hall devel nothing

His Cella charming as hefore; we want to have the same of the same Now all are happy nor give o'er, W ___ leave - !! Till Watches point to Number Four : 100 asion and Then fee the Face of dawning Day a - oquid will Here Lucy. " Where's your Lady, pray? Solo V 1511 " She's gone to reft. — There let her be, "Go make the crimfor Bed for me." All this a while in Silence pass'd, of the or sey I self The Lady's Patience fail'd at lake on vail out in " For levely Lindamine is there! Shall had and and also

One Morning (fo the Pates decree) Hell Ishorn of Alone was fitting he and the a modern & bortons will Not yet arriv'd the roaring Band, Nor Rake nor Corcomb was at hand. This bleft Occasion pleased the Fair, because I all And with a mild and chearful Air, Pe bane

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But

She thus began . " My Strephon fay,
" Why this dejected Face to day?" " wow shudbold"
" Why art thou always cross and dull," I had
" Unless the noisy Rooms are full provided nov
" Black Discontent and Anger lies mov on ba A
" Close lurking in thy fullen Byes, pobload , 100 Y
"Those Eyes that I with Sorrow feeding thoy
" Disgusted when they foll on me! Toylould an W
" But now I find the only breamb avid and I won mil "
Here ceas'd the greatly injur'd Bride, woloo A "
And Strephon with a Bluff reply'd way aum at T.
" Why, Madam, I must own that you, I a vol ! "
" Have Merit, (give the Del his due) all moy
" And was the Pleafure of my Life, he storis and "
" Before you wore the Nam of Wife : " abiled "
" But Ma'm, the Realon was, I find, won HIT
" That while a Lover I was blind a
"And now the Fault is not in me, M entil "
" 'Tis only this - that I can feet add I coun of T
I thought you once a Goddess trim, I air bad and and
"The Graces dwelt on every Limb : 1000 I mail "

G 4

88 POEMS on Several Ocasions.

- But, Madam, if you e'er was such, and and see
- " Methinks you're alter'd very much : with with
- " As first (I beg your Pardon tho;) and the yaw
- "You hold your Head extremely low:
- "And the' your Shape is not awry, modified their
- "Your Shoulders stand prodigious high; of stoll
 - "Your curling Hair I durft have fwore, a story
 - " Was blacker than the fable Moor aw before I -
 - But now I find 'tis only brown,
 - " A Colour common through the Town:
 - "Tis true you're mighty fair --- But now
 - " I fpy a Freckle on your Brow s amount of which
 - "Your Lips I own are red and thin, with a wall "
 - "But there's a Pimple on your Chin : " when here."
 - " Befides your Eyes are gray. Alack ! " stoled "
 - "Till now I always thought 'em black. " "
 - " Thus, Madam, I the Truth have told; ha ?

"That while it Lover Iswis Blind : if well and

- "Tis true, I thank you for your Gold; Too at I'm
- " But find in fearthing of my Breaft, how sound I
- "That I cou'd part with all the reft.

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and and and all all all all	ार्ट
He ceas'd - And both were mute a while,	ce An
'Till Celia answer'd with a Smile :	he 1 22
" Who would have thought, my Dear, fays fl	er »
" That Love was blind to this degree;	7
" But in my Turn I'll own it too, the of the	- A 23
"That I'm as much deceiv'd as you;	A 13
" From hence let our Example show.	to a
" The gay Coquette and sprightly Beau	
"That Love like theirs will never hold,	A 33
" Not the 'tis comented with Gold:	1/1
" Let all the Youths to you repair,	ac, in
" For Counsel and to me the Fair.	nen i
"'Twill help to make our Strephons wife,	
" And Itop the Growth of tender Lies:	还包括
"And more than Plato's moral Page	n
"Instruct the Celia's of the Age. Which of I	C
operate more flowly, but as fule;	Some
But now, my Dearest, as you see	
"In mutual Hatred we agree, no Drug in here a Market in Market in the state of the	Yet t
Mculinks tis detter we retreat	12 44
Each Party to a distant Seat;	Defter
Flatt'ry call'd ! the Poilon of the Mind.	ziT'
alt	And

90 Porms on Several Occasions.

- " And tho' we value each the other, b'asso sil
- " Just as one Rush regards another with a dead thir
- "Yet let us often fend to hear, oven bluew on W
- " If Health attend the ablent Dear wove John !
- "And tho' each other we would frum you in tall "
- "As Debtors do a Hateful Dun Commen en I tod T
- " (Nor mind the croffing of a Street) sound more
- "Yet let's be civil when we meet upo yeg en'T
- "And live in thort like country Friends vo. I and T
- " They part and thus the Story ends. of told "

Let all the Youths to you repair,

The WAY of the WORLD.

Some operate more flowly, but as fure;
The Dart less sudden, but admits no Cure.
Yet there's a Drug, nor Plain nor Mountain yields,
Not Libya's Desarts nor Britannia's Fields,
Destructive more than all the baneful kind;
'Tis Flatt'ry call'd ---- the Poison of the Mind.

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This, foft Sir Wealthy feeds on all the Day: 111 101 This, Delia swallows with her soft Bohea, 100 HW To this we owe Sublimo's scornful Eye, And Thelia's Checks that blush with borrow'd Dye. Sublimo once cou'd like his Meighbours walk, 11 112 Bow to his Friends, 100 with his Tenants talk; 1120 Y Nor had been seizld with this reajestick Fit, 11 1100 Y If subtle Florio had not prais'd his Wit.

Gray Thalia too wou'd now her Arts give o'er, 100 And rest those Eye-balls that must slay no more; 121 Nor would that Face engrals her Morning's Care, W Did not Philander tell her she is fairs 100 and 200 but A

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This,

Alcidas tells you with an artful Smile, and and to Y
That Womens Eyes were giv'n them to beguile:
His Way is cunning and milebievous too, and and I
He'll praise in others what he finds in you, and to H
You hear delighted, not perceive the Foe; and and I
But drink in Flatt'ry, ere you think itis for too book
And when he's run the gay Description through, and
The smart Conclusion is apply'd to you:

Whole narrow Views are withinfalf confinition:

92 Posms on feveral Occasions.

But turn your Back --- Alcidas with a Grinol seid?
Will vow you're ugly as a Sooterkin.

To this we owe Sublime's fcomful Eye,

How oft you hear from a defigning Knave, I but Sir, I'm your Servant, Madam, I'm your Slave, and of woll Yet if you're bleft with penetrating Eyes, I sid of woll You'll in his Features read the Villain lies; d bad now his woll being you had over I shall H

See fost Courtine, whose Hat with Silver bound, Is so obsequious that twill kils the Ground:

Whose Actions point to some unworthy End, who And ne'er was Patron, Counsellor, or Friend to the Whose narrow Views are to himself confin'd, Yet he's the humble Slave of all Mankind.

These fawning Rogues are inksom Creatures—True, But then a Clown is full as odious too: at outing If of The Face unpractis'd in the Arts of Guile, and not Need not be streteched with an eternal Smile and Nor yet affect the Cynick's awful Scowl, and what Screw'd like the Vilage of Minerola's Owl, thank out.

That Womens Eyes wore giv'n them to beguile:

on both a sum one Poince of the Miles

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For some reject (and hold it as a Rule,) was said W

Crow fliff with Standing and with Staffas thin.

The Phrase unstudied flows with graceful Ease, o'T And careless Gesture never fails to please: And the Tongue; A Let that be right, and these will ne'er be wrong.

Surrounded thick with Businels and with Cold.

Ask Gynthio's Judgment in some nice Affair,
He'll praise your Conduct with a charming Air, and T
Extol your Sense and Prudence to the Skies:

"And sure such Merits were designed to rise."

A His candid Eyes can hidden Beauties see,
Ev'n Faults are useful, or they cease to be and T
And each no-meaning Cynthio can explore;
But asks his Friendship, and he speaks no more.

But the worst Flatterer that wears a Tongue,
Is him whose Power aggravates the Wrong:
To whose grand Levee Crowds of Suppliants run,
And bow like Persians to the rising Sun:

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24 Postes on feorle Occasions.

Where starv'd Dependents linger out their Days,
Yet proud to share his South bon and his Praise,
Grow stiff with Standing and with Staring thin,
To watch the Directe on their Patron's Chin:
Who with a Nod can make the Wretch believe,
And smiles on Hunger which he'll ne'er relieve.

that he righty and shule will ne'er he witting the V

Surrounded thick with Bus'ness and with Gold,
Yet dress'd in Similes Virginias you behold:
The expecting Crowd around his Table stand,
You ask a Favour and he grafts your Hand:
Another comes with an obsequious Air,
He winks and whispers—"Leave it to my Care."
Then to the next — "Oh I'll remember you;
"Sir, trust my Irlonour, you shall find me true;"
Then bows a third.— "Good Sir, your Pardon."—
Why?

" I faw you not --- Forgive my careless Eye.

" Next Tuesday se'en-night, let me see you pray,

" Perhaps you'll find it Hundreds in your way."

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The meagre Wight departs with happier Souls
Romantick Visions in his Boson roll: was bood 1 "
He fasts in Rapture, as of late in Sorrow;
For who can eat, that's to be rich to-morrow?
But Tuefday fee, the joyful Day is come; but of
Now to his Patron. "But he's not at home and W
" Alas! But then to morrow Morn will do, yes A
" And I'll be early. The Gentlemen, adien of guill W
Next Day at Six, before the Gate appears, and altown
The Wretch divided by his Hopes and Feers of W.
The haughty Servants meet him with a Frown.
I'd fee his Honour "But he's not come down)
"Your Servant, Sir - I'll flay then in the Hall : W
" But he is fick and can't be spoke withat and stories
" I'll wait with Patience till another Day, or of I'll
" And for his Honour and his Health (half pray. 1014
At last the Knight (his Fate had order'd so) when the
Was feiz'd and boarded by the lucking Foe solod W
And wifely thinking twas in vain to fly med lost med
Smooth'd up his Face and with a lecting Eye and W
Began. "Oh Mr. What-d'ye-call, Is't you? I sell
" I'm glad to see you: Yet I'm forry too,

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dr

- " Sure some ill Stars presided o'er your Fate, on T
- "I cou'd have ferv'd you, but you're come too late."

Yet fure, there is whose honest Soul was made Too grand a Being for the foothing Trade; Whose Wit can neither flatter nor offend, without woll A gay Companion, yet a constant Friend; A teniA " Willing to please where Honesty may win, 1 han " Averse to Slander, tho' it was no Sin. 19 yell troy With native Manners as with Sense endu'd; Not fost as Cynthio, nor as Damon rude Not basely humble, yet a Foe to Pride: Whose Tongue ne'er promis'd what his Heart deny'd. Whose Satire charms, nor Mirth offends the Ear; Tho' wife not froward, just but not fevere; Not fway'd by Int'reft, nor in Paffion hurl'd: But walks a calm Spectator through the World, Whose Breast (where no unmanly Vapours grow) Can feel Compassion for another's Woe: Where Courage, Mercy, Justice, Candour lie, That shine celestial in the speaking Eye. I'm glad to fee you : Yet I'm forry too,

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This Man is great, whate'er be his Degree to the M O bless him, Heav'n, if such a one there be : word May Life's best Comforts on his Days attend, which Bleft in himfelf, and happy in his Friend: wor Far from his Gate fly Poverty and Woe ; Hard aw mile Let not a Sigh his quiet Mansion know to or good but But the fair Dome each roving Eye allure, With Peace and Plenty Smiling at the Door and to to the Let him foft Days and happy Ev'nings find, And live still blest, and blessing all Mankind, I A

Or rather, (as you may prelume), see live week to

The Fox and the HBN. AFABLE.

This quickly fixed the Puller's Lame, as I work of WAS on a fair and healthy Plain, abid bath There liv'd a poor but honest Swain, win MA Had to his Lot a little Ground, of bas solved mile of Defended by a quick-fet Mound arms around to and at Twas there he milk'd his brindled Kine, will will be And there he fed his harmless Swine: a soon and His Pigeons flutter'd to and fro, months of another it And bask'd his Poultry in a Row: tollW .

H

Much

98 POEMS on Several Occasions.

Much we might fay of each of these, and Mark As how his Pigs in Consort wheeze.

How the sweet Hay his Heisers chew, And how the Pigeons softly coo:

But we shall wave this motley Strain,

And keep to one that's short and plain:

A Hen there was, a strange one too, different A Cou'd sing (believe me, it is true)
Or rather (as you may presume)
Wou'd prate and cackle in a Tune:
This quickly spread the Pullet's Fame,
And Birds and Beast's together name:
All mixt in one promiseums Throng,
To visit Partlet and her Song.
It chanc'd there came amongst the Crew,
Of witty Foxes not a few:
But one more smart than all the rest;
His serious Neighbour thus address:

Much

Let him for Days and happy Ty ripps tied

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- What think you of this Partier here?
- 'Tis true her Voice is pretty clear :
- ' Yet without pauling I can tell, moil guidles vil

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- 'In what much more the won'd excel piddon bank
- 'Methinks she'd ear exceeding well.

 This heard the list ning Hen, as she

 Sat perch'd upon a Maple-tree.

The shrewd Proposal gall'd her Pride,

And thus to Reynard she reply'd:

- 'Sir, you're extremely right I'vow, at home work
- But how will you come at me now? ni quante
- You dare not mount this lofty Tree, to to share the
- 'So there I'm pretty fafe, you fee. que said had
- From long ago, (or Record lies) word tolled ave
- You Foxes have been counted wife :
- But fure this Story don't agree
- With your Device of eating me.
- For you, Dame Fortune Aill intends
- ' Some coarfer Food than finging Hens:
- Befides e'er you can reach fo high,
- 'Remember you must learn to fly.

H 2

100 POLMS on Several Occasions.

AND THE PARTY OF T
I own 'tis but a feurvy way, download and w
You have as yet to seize your Prey, and sund all ,
By sculking from the Beams of Light, worlding to Y
And robbing Hen-roofts in the Night:
Yet you must keep this vulgar Trade Valuidad ,
Of thieving till your Wings are made in bined cirt
'Had I the keeping of you tho',
· I'd make your subtle Worship know, warm add.
We Chickens are your Betters due, A or and had
Not fatted up for fuch as you;
Shut up in Cub with rufty Chain, the word to !!
'I'd make you lick your Lips in vain
And take a special Care, be sure, in I special od
· No Pullet shou'd come near your Door:
But try if you cou'd feed or no, synd sexod no
' Upon a Kite or Carrion Crow '1012 airly chall that
Here ceas'd the Hen, The baffl'd Beaft
March'd off without his promis'd Feast.
Some coarfer Bood than linging Hone Coas and Jud

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of boldes e'et fen ean ready lo bight and leading all

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Some beserved Strait of wielding Dick, Consequence of wielding Dick, No. Wrenches about in Peters Ry, Consequence of the peters Ry, Consequence of the

Whe felt fach contring Pangs as I;

The HEAD-ACH.

To AUREL I Alobeston

A URELIA, when your Zeal makes known
Each Woman's Failing but your own,
How charming Silvia's Teeth decay,
And Celia's Hair is turning gray:
Yet Celia gay has sparkling Eyes,
But (to your Comfort) is not wise:
Methinks you take a world of pains,
To tell us Celia has no Brains,

Volt in Acrefic, vol corontain rove county ...

Now you wife Folk, who make such a pother
About the Wit of one another,
With Pleasure wou'd your Brains resign,
Did all your Noddles ach like mine.

Not Cuckolds half my Anguish know,
When budding Horns begin to grow;

The

Nor

102 POBMS to Jewerd Occopiers

Nor batter'd Skull of wrestling Dick,
Who late was drubb'd at single Stick;
Not Wretches that in Fevers sry,
Not Sappho when her Cap's awry,
E'er selt such tort'ring Pangs as I;
Nor Forehead of Sir Jest'ry Strife,
When smiling Cynthio kis'd his Wife,

Not love-fick Marcia's languid Eyes,
Who for her fimp'ring Corin dies,
So fleepy look or dimly thine,
As these dejected Eyes of mine:
Nor Claudia's Brow such Wrinkles made
At sight of Cynthia's new Brocade,

Just so, Aurelia, you complain
Of Vapours, Rheums, and gouty Pain;
Yet I am patient, so should you,
For Cramps and Head-achs are our due;
We suffer justly for our Crimes;
For Scandal you, and I for Rhymes;

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I'll

duckets Love-

Yet we (as harden'd Wretches do)
Still the enchanting Vice pursue;
Our Reformation ne'er begin,
But fondly hug the Darling Sin.

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Yet there's a mighty diff'rence too, was a way Between the Fate of me and you; and a go H Tho' you with tott'ring Age shall bow, when I And Wrinkles fear your levely Brow; and I ned W Your bufy Tongue may still proclaim The Faults of ev'ry finful Dame : Day to fil poor an You ftill may prattle nor give o'er. When wretched I must fin no more, and sold back The fprightly Nine must leave me then, This trembling Hand refign its Pen; and order an both No Matron ever fweetly fung, and should l'uoy agod I Apollo only courts the young sansback ton been no Y Then who wou'd not (Aurelia, pray) on ors nov to !! Enjoy his Favours while they may digons now was I Nor Cramps nor Head-achs thall prevail a band band I'll ftill write on, and you thall rail ions evo. I did w I tell you they are Flames of Fire,

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STRE-

STEPHON TO CELTIA.

A modern LOVE-LETTER.

Yet there's a mighty diff sence too, M A A A M

I HOPE you'll think it's true, I all now all I deeply am in Love with you, I down to a line of the I affure you t'other Day,

As I was mufing on my way,

At thought of you I tumbl'd down to a line of I down

I tell you they are Flames of Fire,

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And

That scortch my Forehead to a Cinder,

And burn my very Heart to Tinder.

Your Breast so mighty cold I trow,

Is made of nothing else but Snow:

Your Hands (no wonder they have Charms)

Are made of Iv'ry like your Arms.

Your Cheeks that look as if they bled,

Are nothing else but Roses red.

Your Lips are Coral very bright,

Your Teeth—tho' Numbers out of spite,

May say they're Bones—yet 'twill appear to they're Rows of Pearl exceeding dear.

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Now, Madam, as the Chat goes round,
I hear you have ten thousand Pound:
But that I as a Trifle hold,
Give me your Person, dem your Gold;
Yet for your own Sake 'tis secur'd,
I hope — your Houses too ensur'd,
I'd have you take a special Care,
And of salse Mortgages beware;

You've

Poems on Several Gacafions.

You've Wealth enough 'tis true, but yet You want a Friend to manage it, visy you mand here Now fuch a Friend you foon might have, By fixing on your humble Slave; midden to show a Not that I mind a stately House, on y dual ino? Or value Mony of a Loufe; while will to have on But your Five hundred Pounds a Year, I wou'd secure it for my Dear: The state of the minister on A Then smile upon your Slave, that lies Half murder'd by your radiant Eyes; Or else this very Moment dies

threely in a land, philosous freel to swo & Strephon.

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TO ARTEMISTA. the Con Las a Trideshold, whi and hade

Dr. KING's Invitation to BELLVILL: Imitated. Yet for your own Sakeshiesbeurthing the offerences

TF Artemifia's Soul can dwell 11 100v - Spoil Four Hours in a tiny Cell, it is a let now available (To give that Space of Blifs to me) I wait my Happiness at three.

DOME TO

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Our Tommy in a Jug shall bring Clear Nectar from the bubbling Spring: The Cups shall on the Table stand, The Sugar and the Spoons at hand: And evenly helps A skilful Hand shall likewise spread By that affilted th Soft Butter on the yielding Bread: m drive shalf A And (as you eat but mighty little, And feem an arrant Foe to Vittle) And read the Car You'll cry perhaps, One Bit may do, But I'm resolv'd it shall be two; With you and your Amanda bleft, now b'now proly Care flies away from Mira's Breast: O'er stubborn Flax no more I grieve, But Rick the Needle on my Sleeve: For let them work on Holiday, Who won't be idle when they may: If I must fret and labour too. Like Caricus and Lumberloo: As well I might, like Simoneer,

Be plagu'd with fixty Pounds a Year.

in litten with sides

To you O falle, O faithleft lair,

And skim beneath the A

108 POEMS on Several Occasions.

What Nymph, that's eloquent and gay,
But owes it chiefly to her Tea?
With Satire that supplies our Tongues,
And greatly helps the failing Lungs.
By that affisted we can spy
A Fault with microscopick Eye;
Dissect a Prude with wond rous Art,

And read the Care of Delia's Heart.

Now to the Company we fall,

'Tis Me and Mira that is all:

More wou'd you have — Dear Madam, then

Count me and Mira o'er agen.

For let then? work on Lightley, ...

The APPARITION.

ROM that inevitable Shore,
Wheer Styx's tremendous Waters roar,
Thus wing'd with Vengeance lo I fly,
And skim beneath the gloomy Sky.
To you O false, O faithless Fair,
(Yet tremble do—and wildly stare)

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To you once low'd, but faithless Maid, which had Perhaps (too thin for mortal Eyes) and the Tyou know me not in this Disguise; and a soo the Ine'er was number'd with your Foes, and won the But what I'm now, shall not disclose beautoges! My Name (esteem'd by one or two) are made to Till your Unkindness cut the Twine of the Tyour Unkindness cut the Tyour Unki

And shou'd you ask to know the Ender to John Of her that once you call'd a Friend and (1964) Of her that once you call'd a Friend a Friend a Friend a Friend and (1964) Of her that once you call'd a Friend a Friend a Friend

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Police on Several Occusions?

Did you not, Ah! did you not fay, when sich noy or That you would come the next fair Dayono nov of To Mira's Dome 1 rejoic'd to legids oos) square At once the Butterflies and me ru lon and word no But now, Alas! (too late, I find) asdrava as and The promis'd Joys of harman Kind on m'I main in Inconftant as the fitting Wind b'mosto omaN al Was Idira -You came not - That P need not tell. But then, O then your Mira fell, abailed moy lir That fatal Day expecting you all air oroled , shill it I swept my House, and din'd by Two. Took off the Night-Cap from my Brow, out bod (O Pride!) but Drepens it how you acho want and of (Ambitious her I lov'd to pleufe) in the Han include And, Ah! too ftraitly lac'd my Stays; during a ni O Then filent fate twist Hopes and Feare, 100 oleg 10 With beating Heart and lift hings Ears, a wolqood A 10 Till the thrill Clock had founded four : a strong and Then wretched Mire was no more: you should man Her Cheeks put on a death-like Hile, and and and Her Eye-balls bid this World Adlen the notified month

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But I have done. Farewel, for I have done from this corporeal World must fly:

So the relentless Fates decree, how will once more Farewel — Remember Me.

PLE BARROSS GREEK CHOKURELL

The INSPIR'D QUILL.

Occasion'd by a Present of CROW-PENS.

TO you, Dear Madam, I complain,
Where Wretches never fight in vain;
But always find, if not Relief,
At least Compassion for their Grief.

The Being that Liftish remember, and

But I shou'd make my Woes appear,

Before I claim a gentle Tear;

My Tale is something odd, 'tis true;

Tet sure 'twill Credit find with you.

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1121 Roku Don Several Occasions

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The fage Pythagoras, you know, doubten out had Afferted many Years ago, I colored a drive bedring out. That when or Man or Woman dies, i The Soul to some new Mansion slies ob and I still If so, Belinda, now so fair low leaves on and May range the Woods a dillen Bear? Sould also and of Likewise the courtly Bellamour, lowered arom and The Lady's Darling to be sure:

The he in sparkling Laces glow,

The Pattern of a perfect Beau; Q 2 M 1 3 The When he puts off the human Shape,

May strut a Monkeyor an Ape, Q and himstone.

Whose Talent chiefly is to write; I work with the World with the Being that I first remember, Was on a Morning of December; when bound I and But not December last (I ween) was a mind I would be worth the World with t

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I found myfelf a wealthy Squire, aw builded gill vid And feated by a Parlour-Rire me drive zos rovin vM A fine Estate of mellow Ground, mobiled I salout at In Cash full Thirty thousand Poundyeb but good sull Two hundred Oxen in a Stall on stone I re-ever W And ten lean Servants at my Call, golf sen Lilles sill An ancient House well built but low of bas sheld o'T Behind of Oaks an ample Rows standard you lie as W A Court before - without much State) you won-to-I And three Gaunt Mattiffs at the Gate; As CI shin bu A All thefe had I --- a happy Khave odmi I or flef A As you may think - bug with your Leave de mor's A wretched Ufurer was I. With hagard Jaws and eager Eye, qual a piramila That flarv'd amidft unwieldy Store, so'D a stow ball And loft my Life in fearch of more, woo ban bearing Ac Exching by her Side T

114 Posms on feveral Occasions.

My filver Box with Snuff supply'd:
On Books I seldom lov'd to poce,
But sung and dauc'd, and aptly swore;
Where-e'er I came the Ladies smil'd;
This call'd me Pug—and t'other Child:
To please and to address the Fair,
Was all my Business and my Care;
But now my Gold began to sty,
And sure Destruction hover'd night:
At last to Limbo was I led,
From whence the struggling Spirit sed.

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Livetched Utimer was

Almeria's Lap-dog next I grew,

And wore a Coat of gloffy Hue.

Carefs'd and courted ev'ry Day,

At Ev'ning by her Side I lay:

Her Smiles were always bent on me

(The happieft Days that e'er I fee)

But, Oh, as by a River-fide.

I walk'd along with short-liv'd Pride,

A cruel Foot-boy threw me in,

And laugh'd as the it was no Sin.

Once more to gain a human Face, I step'd into a Lawyer's Case: This Station pleas'd me wond'rous well, And in a trice I learn'd to fpell, Cou'd read old Coke with prying Eyes, Explain, distinguish, and advise, Talk Latin to a good degree; As Admittendo Cuftode, Eject, Extendi: and my Fee: 'Tis true I fcorn'd to rob or kill, But not to cheat or forge a Will: In Jointures I cou'd split a Hair, And make it turn against the Heir : Domang on W I spar'd no Widow for her Tears, Lawoy baA on bloom No Orphan for his tender Years: My Maxim was - Get Money, Man, Get Money, where and how you can: Thus through the Stage of Life I run, (For, Ah! my Race was quickly done)

And

16 POEMS on Several Occasions.

And still preserved my Ears and Nose,
In spite of venial Sins like those.

My next Disguise too well you know,
Degraded to a simple Crow;
Both Cold and Hunger doom'd to bear,
And hover in the simple Air,
Till on a day a spiteful Hind,
With dreadful Arms and bloody Mind,
Wow'd quick Destruction to my Head:
And in a Moment shot me dead:
Then set my ghastly Corse on high
To fright my Fellows from his Rye.

I now grew out of Pluto's Favour,
Who grumbl'd at my late Behaviour;
And vow'd (when thus his Sentence ran)
I shou'd no more appear as Man;
But that he wou'd confine me still
Within the compass of a Quill.

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Must through the State of Life Lyon, Mad Airl my R. c was quickly done.

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My Fate is hard, as you may guess, Yet I cou'd bear it ne'er-the-less, Wou'd you or Fortune be fo kind To comfort an afflicted Mind, And take me from the hated Cell, Where Yesterday you bid me dwell: For Oh, I guess - nay more I know it, That my new Mistress is a Poet: Then how shall I who still inherit. A Tincture of the Lawyer's Spirit; How shall I bear from time to time To scrawl unprofitable Rhyme? To live for Years and ne'er behold The Presence of enchanting Gold, Yet scribble on — Besides, alack, I fear the'll quickly break my Back.

Then fince my Pedigree you know (Dear Madam,) Ah some Pity show, And recommend me to a Place; For fure there's Mercy in your Face, I tobbe fliw us't as heled to

My

118 Ponns on Several Occasions.

To some Attorney let me go.

For there my Talents suit (you know)

Heroicks I shall write but ill;

But I'm a Doctor at a Bill,

At Flights of Fancy very dull;

But I can form Receipts at full.

The Favour that I ask of you,

(Have pity when the Wretched fue)

Is your good Word or what is better,

A Recommandatory Letter?

And if I'm happy in your Grace,

I think I need not doubt a Place.

ROTORIES DE LE SECULOR DE LA CONTROL DE LA C

Charles were a support with all

The PENITENT.

Occasion'd by the Author's being asked if she would take Ten Pounds for her Poems.

WHEN Parthenifa talk'd to-day
Of Profits and of Mire's Lay,
And lift'ning Mira heard the Sound
Of number Ten with added Pound,

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The faucy Minx betray'd her Pride, al-qo Timber And turn'd her scomful Head aside: And turn'd her scomful Head aside: You, doubtless, Madam, wonder'd why And hardly could believe towas I : Bad of color A bad But all have Faults, and 'twou'd be vain To boast a Heart that's free from Smirt. This Maxim Mira prov'd was true, to your A as A No golden Apples lay in view and shulf a smust of W Across her Path - and yet the felb: about mid band The Caufe - have Patience and we'll tell, You faw not --- no, to my Surprize to no model It scap'd your penetrating leves sand un's air jent but The wicked Knot - Twas new to day, I to bbs 111 The Knot - what Colour was it, pray So gay, 'twou'd make a Hermit vain ; and brief bank Then wonder not at Mira's Brain.

But now diffrob'd with disty Shoes 5 40'8 And Apron ragged as the Mufe. In Night-cap tight and wrapping Gown, No more is feen the haughty Frown: Exulting clap their little

adT d in the Sun-thine of her Eye.

120 PORMS on several Occusions.

The fatal Top-knot laid afide van daniel van

Now, could you find an honest Dealer,

(As an Attorney or a Taylor)

Who wants a Muse that's not too dear,

Send him directly you know where:

We for a Trisse shall not part,

Nor from an easy Bargain start,

And that his Purchase may not be hard,

I'll add of Packthread half a Yard,

To satisfy the greedy Lout,

And bind the Papers round about.



SONG to CLOE, playing on ber Spinet.

HEN Clae strikes the trembling Strings,
Applauding Cupids round her fly;
Exulting clap their little Wings
Bask'd in the Sun-spine of her Eye.

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Posms on Several Occasions.

The Graces too, As others do, As others do,

In Raptures stand to hear,
Time stays his flagging Wings, and adds,

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One Hour to the rolling Year:

Keep off, ye Beaus, A A A O T

That Cloe's Eyes can wound?

If those you miss yet pray avoid ow A A A

Amphion led the ravish'd Stones of to anibus out

(They fay) --- and as he'd rife or fall,

Bricks, Pebbles, Slats, and Marrow-Bones Wou'd form a Steeple or Wall

But this, you know, that got theel salt of roll

Is long ago: and vertillor would side wish

We fancy 'tis a Whim:

0 had they charming Cloe heard, no of I bluce bak.

They'd furely not have stir'd for him, gov and morn A

The Thracian Bard, v tedt selquis guitant A

Whose Fate was hard, some I guille and should

(And

122 Posms on feveral Occasions.

(And Proferpine Severe) No. . Oat and The Many

Had brought Eurydice back --- alas ! and the Act of the But Cloe was not there.

*PENNEY DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PRO

TO GRAMMATICUS

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Form as miniM-s el mosked il

SIR,

DaA)

MIRA wou'd with Tears atone

For all the Mischief the has done,

Sincerely mourns (believe it true)

The sending of her Rhymes to you.

The Wound my Verses gave your Ear,
Was undefign'd it will appear;
Nor in the least the Fault of me,
As by this Sorrow you may see,

And cou'd I in our Meadows find,
Among the vegetable Kind,
A healing Simple, that wou'd cure
Those smarting Pangs which you endure:

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Whole Juice the Matrons well effects and and the state of For Cuts and Bruifes that are green, The water water I'd fend, it with an Heart most willing the air continued! The it shou'd cost me half a Shitting: Yet I can ferve you but in Will, of stage of the CI off For I've confulted Doctor Pill, worth to the I Who tells me that a Cafe like yours of the poble of Will not admit of common Cures 3 For that Incifions made by Rhymes Are worse than Ulcers fifty times: He gives a Reason that is clear, Recause they always strike the Ear, In give un-utterable Pain Be of good a lain nov sol Yet as the Doctor is my Friend. His Worldip order'd me to fend to said and T This grand Receipt which he has known, To serve in Cases like your own : but boards when me Tis true, the Drug is something rare, And yet I wou'd not quite despair; But hope the Medicine may be found Within the Space of British Ground:

This

POIMS on Several Occasions.

This Balfam then I'd have you feek, No matter for its Name in Greek But fure 'tis call'd (or I am wrong) Good-nature in the English Tongue: The Doctor fwears by all his Skill, If this don't ease you, nothing will , halo has we la To either Ear be this apply'd, (The better if 'tis quickly try'd) Then fill the hollow Spaces full With Aqua-vita drop'd on Wool: And take a special Care be sure, and notes I a ware the No Poets come about your Door: For you might keep the Bench of Law, Or hear the fqueaking of a Saw, and it had the More fafely by a hundred times, The 10000 of the b Than half a Page of modern Rhymes: O will all But when you gather Strength a little, was bring and Can walk abroad and eat your Vittle? As you are mighty fond of Verse, and and and Let fome with gentle Voice rehearfe : 100 1 100 1 How Corn grows now where Troy Town flood, Or else the Children in the Wood:

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These gentle Numbers will compose

Your Spirits and your Eye-lids close!

Those Slumbers will complete the Cure;

Now, Sir, your Servant, and ---- no more.



The TEN-PENNY NAIL

TWAS past the Date of sav'ry Noon,
And downwards roll'd the radiant Sun,
When all (except us rhyming Sinners)
Had rosted, boil'd, and eat their Dinners;
In my great Chair I sat to pout,
And beat my weary Brains about;
About (what did not much avail)
Amanda's Riddle of the Nail *;
When Somnus took me by Surprise,
And put his Finger in my Eyes:
Twas He, for Poets never nod
Without the Influence of a God:

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^{*} The Question was this, Where was the first Nail struck?

POEMS on feveral Occasions. 126

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I dream'd of what --- Why, you shall hear, Good People all, I pray draw near. Methought there lay before my Eves A Nail of more than common Size: 'Twas one that nails our Garden Door, And oft my Petticoat has tore: When sudden (it is true, my Friend) It rear'd itself, and stood an end, And the no Mouth I cou'd descry, It talk'd as fast as you or I: And thus began --- ' As I am told ' You Poets feldom deal in Gold: That's not the Price of empty Songs, But to Sir Thrifty Gripe belongs; Bright Silver is Sir Wary's Claim,

- And Copper for the lab'ring Dame ;
- ' If so (that each may have their due)
- We rufty Nails belong to you;
- I therefore ask as my Defert
- (I hope you bear a grateful Heart)
- You write my Life --- and be it shown
- What strange Adventures I have known.

POBMS on Several Occasions.

127

I must confess I was not made,
'So early quite as Adam's Spade; HO soud an A
' Yet many Ages I have known, and and monday o'T
'And double with my Labours grown:
'Ioccupy'd, the first of all, we seed spilling HA '
'A worthy Post at Gleony-Hall, Diversity A
Where I, with feven hundred more; you have a
Were hammer'd in the spacious Door:
And there had haply stuck till now, ib our and it
'Had not old Simon broke his Plough ; well mad I'.
Who feeing none but us at hand, Chan b'hard?
'And knowing us a trufty Band, b' I gno! albi mill '
'Me with the Pincers fore oppress'd, 18 20 10 1
And drew me headlong from the reft ; and only ?
'My lazy Life, alas! was done, 190 signate of '
'And now I toil'd from Sun to Sun ; drand but
None pity me, and hone relieve, lylbuord of W
'Till Fortune gave me a Reprieves out have a
'My Master broke his Plough again, on da W
'And I from thence was dragg'd amain.
To decorate Bully the Read Bearing Selection

HALL

128 POBMS on feveral Occasions.

'To Celia's Chamber next I came,	1-2
And bore a Glass with curious Frame;	o og
' To whom the lovely Nymphs repair:	E Y
' There Delia spread her shining Hair; doob	Ba A
All smiling there was Claudia seen,	
And Thalia ty'd her Ribbands green.	
At last my Mistress drew too nigh,	
' And forme ill Genius standing by,	
Drove me directly in her Eye, and had event	
"Then I was banished from her Train, o ton I	heli
" Hurl'd on a Dunghill with Diffain a misel of	IV
But idle long I did not lie, was as an invent f	mA s
For old Sir Gripus walking by, nit An this	27/3
Who held it was a crying Sin, sit and the	CAN.
'To trample o'er and flight a Pin;	3 k)
"And that they well deserve a Jail, "I won h	
Well D	1111

Who proudly form a rufty Nail, on viig and

Carry'd me home, and made fecure about 1817

With me --- a ftately oaken Door: 1 10 1/1/1/1/

Through the firing Boards he made me go,

To keep his Daughter from a Beau;

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- But she (what is't but Love can do?)
- With Aqua-fortis eat me through:
- A Cripple now, and useless quite,
- 'I'm banish'd from the chearful Light:
- And all folk despise me that behold;
- At last I to a Smith was fold,

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- Who had Compassion on my Pain,
- And brought me to myself again,
 - To Jeff ry Bouze I next belong,
- 'Where sparkling Ale was clear and strong;
- One Vault, more precious than the rest,
- 'Was stow'd with Hogsheads of the best:
- And having lately loft the Key,
- 'He fast'ned up the Door with me:
- 'I stood a faithful Centry there,
- To guard the choice inspiring Beer
- From thirsty Bacchanalian Rage,
- 'Till his Son Guzzle was of Age:
- At length the Youth an Entrance found,
- Tho' floutly I maintain'd my Ground;

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136 POEMS on feveral Occupions.

- Yet all my Strength would not avail,
- ' For how cou'd one poor fingle Nail
- ' Maintain a dang rous Post (you know)
- ' Against whole Legions of the Foe;
- Who well confidering Life's a Bubble,
- And drinking is the Core of Trouble, 1 fel
- 'And more --- that he again could brew
- Before the Date of Twenty two;
- While e'er that time the present Ale
- Might happen to be flat or stale;
- He came himself with fifty more,
- And wifely drank it out Before. The clust out of work and the character of the bound of the bound of the country of the countr
 - 'It wou'd be tedious now to tell
- What to your humble Slave befel,
- Amongst a rude mechaniek Band,
- 'Till Fortune gave me to your Hand?
- Now if a proper Post I knew,
- 'I'd gladly be of use to you;
- But you refolve to hide no Pelf, and distant
- And choose to walk abroad yourfelf

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Fidelia And A

- But, Mira, these are dang rous Times,
- 'I'd have you fasten up your Rhymes;
- And 'tis the best thing you can do,
- To nail up Pens and Paper too!
- Do this and get thee gone to spinning,
- 'Or wisely dearn your Father's Linen."

 This said ---- a Cart with rumbling Sound

 Came by, and shook the trembling Ground;

 The Vision vanished from her Sight,

 And Mira waken'd in a Fright.

THE STANSOR OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF

The GENIUS in DISGUISE.

A S I Fidelia and my Sire,

Sat musing o'er a smoky Fire,

We heard a Knocking at the Door,

Rise, something is the Matter sure.

The little Turret seem'd to quake,

The Shelves, the Chairs and Tables shake;

Fidelia cries, O, what's the Matter?

And Mira's Teeth began to chatter:

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132 POEMS on Several Occasions.

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The frighted Door (as what could choose) Flew open (pray believe the Muse) way by by A hollow Voice for Entrance calls, and and an in the A And foon - Although the dirty Walls and interest Were stain'd with Ignorance and Sin, that the Yet Mira's Genius ventur'd in, over the work of Not in a Cherub's Form enshrin'd, Nor in the shape of human kind soon has will be a But Locks and Hinges round him glow, con V at T In Figure like a neat Buroe; his bigoview with half Like Brambles in a thorny Gap Stood Mira's Hair beneath her Cap: Her frighted Senses gone astray, She bent her Knees in act to pray; But the prefuming Priest drew near, As void of Piety as Fear, And by its Side undaunted flood, And wou'd persuade us it was Wood: With Rev'rence then we did presume To place him in the little Room; The Priest excluded with the rest, The Stranger Mira thus address'd, (Tho

(Tho' shaking with Surprise and Fear)

- O fay what Power fent thee here,
- Not Fortune, for I ne'er cou'd fee
- As yet her Favours bent on me:
- 'Nor Chance although we often find
- She governs most of human kind;
- 'Or can, against the Maid's Desire, Andrew A
- 'Throw Madam's Caudle in the Fire; World Visit
- Can light a Candle, or can mis, to what the diw

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Tho

She never brought a thing like this.

When you Falls will tall agony

This said, pale Mira gazing stood,
And thus reply'd the seeming Wood;

- 'Canst thou behold me and not find
- 'The Picture of the Giver's Mind?
- 'Behold the Lock and thining Key,
- That ne'er its Mistress shall betray,
- Not blemish'd with a Spot of Rust,
- , And always faithful to its Truft.

The rest may be to you consign'd,

For in this narrow, Space you'll find

K 3

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134 PORMS on Several Ocasions.

- No Emblem large enough to fit
- ' Her Bounty, Judgment, and her Wit.
 - But, Mira, fince I have begun,
- ' The Thread of my Discourse shall run,
- Explaining how I am to you
- ' A Monitor and Table too.
- ' My hollow Spaces you may fill
- With all your Verses good and ill;
- One small one for your Wit may do,
- But then your Faults will take up two.
- And from the rest I pray exclude
- One facred Place for Gratitude:
- And what our Patron yours and mine
- Shall to my trufty-Care confign,
- For those lov'd Strangers I'll secure
- The Closet with its tiny Door,
 - ' And now I've prattl'd long, my Dear,
- ' Yet you are list'ning still to hear,
- Expecting that I should supply
- At once Advice and Prophety ; worten and it

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- But that's not right for me nor you
- 'To dive fo deeply tho', 'tis true,
- Without Divining I can fee
- You'll ne'er deserve the Gift of me:
- ' More wou'd you know why, may be then
- Within these Mornings nine or ten,
- Propitious Jet may trudge before,
- 'And lead his Miftress to your Door;
- ' And when the Sun (whose distant Wheels
- But faintly warm the icy Fields)
- 'Shall gild your Cot with brighter Ray,
- 'I hope to fee her ev'ry Day.
 - ' But turn away thy stedfast Eyes,
- 'That stare so ghastly with Surprise:
- Go feek your Pillow and be still,
- And dream of me or what you will.
- 'This faid (which Mira hop'd was true)
 The Lid shut up, and cries Adieu."
- Then gave a Crack, and spoke no more,
 And all was filent as before.

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CELA-

116 POEMS on Several Occasions.

PACAGO CHADINE CAMPACANTA

CELADON to MIRA.

To thee, O Mira, I these Lines commend,
These from thy gentle and immortal Friend,
Tho' not to thee my airy Form appears,
Yet I've been oft a Witness to thy Tears,
(At Night when, lonely by the Taper's Flame,
In a still Whisper thou hast breath'd my Name)
And in thy Eyes beheld the rising Woe;
(Ah simple Sorrows when for me they flow!)

Think not, O Mira, not in me to find A Friend like Vido, or like Rofalind, Or like Courtine to cheat thy dazzl'd Eye, And footh thy Weakness with a well-bred Lye: These are (as thou wilt by the Sequel find) Below a Spirit of the blissful kind:

And was thy Form, as wanton Helen gay, Or did thy Eyes outshine the Lamp of Day,

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These please not me Bright Eyes in vain may roll, I read no Charms but in the purer Soul.

Sound Judgment, Leaning, Williams, recentus mine,

By thy chang'd Features I too often find
The wild Ideas of thy reftless Mind;
All serious now abstracted from the Crew,
No prudent Stoick more serene than you,
Till in your Brain some gaudy Pictures spring,
All gay and careless, then you laugh and sing:
These vanish like a painted Cloud—and now and
Pale Discontent o'er-shades thy mournful Brow and
You form dark Visions and at Phantoms start,
These Woes proceed from an ill-govern'd Heart,
From a too thoughtless or too roving Mind;
For these are Strangers to a Soul resign'd.

Canst thou presume thy little Bark may steer

From Griess black Eddy and the Gulphs of Fear?

Or canst thou hope to scape the gloomy Land,

Where Disappointments crowd the rocky Strand?

Not so — nor let thy Vanity pretend

To hope for more than ever bless thy Friend;

Ast not for what will make the Pray's off part

In

PORMS on Several Occasions.

In Life I shope conspicuous o'er the rest, While the pure Bearns malignant Eyes opprest; Sound Judgment, Learning, Wisdom, too was mine. And piercing Wit superior far to thine; Yet gaping Rage food ready to devour, the lim and And Dulness spin'd on me a leaden Shower: Now stung with Scoffs, and now with Flatt'ry tir'd. Defam'd, applauded, enwy'd, and admir'd: This Fate was mine and to hope can't thou prefume A milder Passage and more cast Doom? Deluded Girl! det not a Thought to vain the his Elate thy Spirits, nor afcend thy Brain. wall bripsyon - I he from book is soow order

But hear, O Mira, nor too late he wife, From painted Trifles turn thy longing Eyes; Ask not for what will make thy Pray'r offend, But ask Content, a Parent and a Friend; Ask Bread and Peace, 'tis all that Nature craves, This Kings adknowledge, when they find their Graves.

Say, why thy Features lose their healthful Dye, And the Teass tremble in the languid Eye?

Where Dif problements crowd the rocky Street 2.

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The mighty Conflict I with pity see,

When thy rude Passions struggle to be free,

And rack thy Breast — the incoherent Stage,

Where grave and comick for like Youth and Age;

Now Death appears all horrible and grim:

But the next Moment none so fair as him,

And now you sigh — Ah, let me calmly die:

Then shrinking, trembling from the Grave you say,

Such jarring Tumults in your Bosom roll;

(Ah, what so various as a Woman's Soul!)

But thou, beware, and if thy Fate has join'd

A sickly Body to a roving Mind;

Be calm nor mourn at the Supreme Decree,

Nor think the Mandate shall be chang'd for thee,

But meet with Patience what thou canst not see.

Wou'dst then repine to see thy Form decay.

When Spio's Eye-lids are forbid the Day!

Might'st thou with us unbodied Spirits sty,

From Sphere to Sphere and trace the boundless Sky?

Then wou'd the Lives of little Mortals shew,

Like empty Bubbles rais'd of Morning Dew:

All

140 POEMS on Several Occasions.

All feem as Trifles, whether we behold

A Monarch banish d, or a Sparrow fold;

A thoughtless Insect trampled in the Mire,

Or a proud Beauty in her Bloom expire.

More noble Scenes enraptur d Spirits view,

But the grand Prospect is too large for you:

A closer Bound best shits thy narrow Mind,

A few Examples of thy fading kind,

Hast thou forgot the soft Ippenia's Name,
Whose smiling Face not Spleen itself could blame;
Scarce nineteen Years her dawning Beauties knew,
E'er the young Roses hid her Cheeks adieu;
Yet bless'd with all, cou'd please a Woman's Pride:
In this gay Bloom the bright Ippenia dy'd;
Her Sire lists to Heav'n his mournful Eyes,
And her sad Brother fills the Air with Cries:
Her Brother Clodius, who to Grief resign'd
To fruitless Passion all his manly Mind.
What simple Sorrow to the dead you pay,
Who soon must follow the same dusky Way.

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For e'er the Transport of his Grief was o'er,
Fate gave the Sign and Clodius was no more.
Still Pero liv'd a yet furviving Son,
A little Space and Pero's Race was done:
Death's icy Hand his youthful Limbs invades,
And bids him mingle with his kindred Shades.

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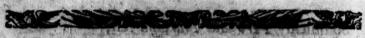
Scarce looking round them e'er they bid farewel:
Yet dang'rous 'tis to wander here too long;
These went more willing as they fell more young;
But Laura's Name demands thy flowing Tears,
Whose Doubts increasing with her lengthen'd Years,
Serv'd not to clear but cloud the dusky Way,
And gave new Terrors to her final Day:
The dreadful Moment wou'd have past as well,
At sixteen Years had weeping Laura fell.

Let this, O Mira, chear thy drooping Mind,
To bear the Sentence past on all Mankind:
I bore the same, whose Life was more desir'd,
More lov'd, more known, and justly more admir'd:

Yet

142 Posms on feveral Occasions.

Yet this grand Fear is wove with Nature's Laws;
Is sometimes right, and sometimes has no Canse:
Repent and mend—these Vapours then will sly,
And the Clouds brighten to a purer Sky;
Still look to Heav'n and its Laws attend,
And next the Lines of thy aerial Friend.



On Mr. Pore's Univerful PRATER.

At once the Joy and Envy of Mankind,
To the lov'd Memory this Sigh I fend;
To thee a Stranger, to the Lines a Friend:
How bleft the Muse cou'd she like thine aspire,
So smooth her Accent, and sublime her Fire;
With bright Description make the Bosom glow,
Charm like the Sense, and like the Numbers flow:
O teach my Soul to reach the Seats divine,
And praise her Maker in a Strain like thine.

Ye careless Ones, who never thought before, Read this grand Verse, then tremble and adore:

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Let stern Enthulias here be taught to know,
"Tis from the Heart true Piety must flow:
Here Hope, Content, and smiling Mercy shine;
And breathe celestral through the speaking Line:
From the still Mind its guilty Passions roll,
And dawning Grace awakes the sevent Soul.

Let angry Zealors quarrel for a Name,

The good, the just, the virtuous are the same:

Grace to no Sect, nor Virtue is confined;

They blend with all, and spread amongst the hand;

And the pure Flame that warms the pions Breast:

Those cannot meet who condemn the rost.

To the dark Nations when Religion came,
All dreft in Smiles; they faw the heav'nly Danie,
Till some stern Teachers of their Office proud,
Chose not to soften but affright the Crowd,
With gloomy Terrors sill'd the dusky Ago,
And veil'd her Beauties in the mask of Rage:
Then bid the Hand-maids of Perdition rise,
Black Cruelty with sterce and slaming Eyes;

Dis

POBMS on Sevaler Occasions.

Distraction ravag'd on the publick Weal,
And Persecution were the Robe of Zeal:
Deluded Faith espous'd the stronger Side,
And conquer'd Justice gave her Sword to Pride.

from the All Mind its easily Pulsons

This faw the furly discontented Mind,
By Nature haughty and to Vice inclin'd:
And thence concluded all their Systems vain,
The Cant of Schools and Phrensy of the Brain:
From hence the Sect of Libertines arose,
Who scorn what Reason or the Priests impose:
Who give to Chance the World's that round us roll,
And tear from Man his ever-conscious Soul.

But thou whose Name (immortal as thy Rhymes)
Shall live and brighten through succeeding Times:
(Whose Lines can Wit and Virtue both inspire,
Whom suture Ages shall like me admire)
Teach me between the two Extremes to glide,
Not brave the Stream nor swim with ev'ry Tide:
But more with Charity than Zeal possess,
Keep my own Faith, yet not condemn the rest.

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CHENT THE WAR THE BEST OF THE SAME OF THE

The Fields of Melancholy and Chearfulness.

O'er half the Globe had cast her gloomy Veil,
When by a Taper's solitary Gleam
Sat musing Mira pensive and alone;
In her sad Breast officious Memory
Reviv'd the Pictures of departed Friends,
Whose pleasing Forms she must behold no more.
Forgotten Woe, that for a time had slept,
Rose into Life, and like a Torrent pour'd
On her saint Soul, which sunk beneath its Rage:
At length soft Shumber kindly interven'd,
And clos'd those Eye-lids that were drench'd in

Tears;

But restless Fancy that was waking still,
Led my deluded Spirit on the Wing
To pictur'd Regions and imagin'd Worlds.

I seem'd transported to a gloomy Land,
Whose Fields had never known the chearful Sun:

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146 POEM's on Several Occusions.

A heavy Mist hung in the frowning Sky,

No feather'd Warblers chear'd the mourning Groves,
Nor blushing Flow'rs adorn'd the barren Ground:

I gaz'd around the solitary Coast,

When so a Nymph with solemn Air approach'd,

Whose Dress was careless and her Features grave,

Her Voice was broken and her Hearing dall:

She spoke but seldom, yet at last she told

Me in a Whisper, that her Name was Thought;

And more, she offer'd, with a friendly Air,

To lead me safely through the dreary Gloom:

We walk'd along through rough unpleasing Paths,

O'er Beds of Night-Shade and through Groves of

Yew,

Till we arriv'd within a dusky Wood,
Whose spacious Bound was senc'd with shagged
Thorn.

The Trees were baleful Cypress; and a few
Tall Pines that murning'd to the rushing Wind:
Here dwelt the Natives, (mournful as the Place)
Or funk in real or imagin'd Woe;
Complaining Sounds were heard on ev'ry Side,

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And each bewail'd the loss of something dear:
Some mourn'd, a Child that in its Bloom expir'd,
And some a Brother's or a Parent's Fate:
Lost Wealth and Honours many Tongues deplor'd,
And some were wretched, tho' they knew not why.

But as we reach'd the Centre of the Place. Complaints were heard more piercing than before: The gathering Fogs grew thicker o'er our Heads. And a cold Horror thrill'd our wounded Souls. And thus we travell'd, pensive beyond measure, Through Paths half cover'd with perplexing Thorns; At length we found two Rows of aged Firs, Whose Tops were blasted by unwholsom Winds. This folitary Vifta op'ning wide. Disclos'd the Palace of its mournful Queen Before the Gate was plac'd a frightful Guard, Who ferv'd as Porters to the gloomy Dome: Here, stretch'd upon a miserable Couch, Lay pining Sickness with continual Groans; And by her Side, (array'd in filthy Weeds) Sat quaking Poverty with ghaftly stare: His Presence seem'd to aggravate her Pain,

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148 POEMS on Several Occasions.

For when the cast her languid Eyes on him. She hid her Face and rais'd a fearful Cry. There Disappointment like a Statue stood, With Eyes dejected and with Visage pale: Her heaving Bosom seem'd to swell with Anguish. And in her Hand she grasp'd a broken Reed: Here, in the Garb of Piety, we faw Proud Error frowning with a Look severe: Doubt at his Elbow bore a Rod of Snakes, And held a Cup fill'd to the Brim with Tears, By these we pass'd into the dusky Court, O'er-run with Hemlock and with gloomy Fern: Perpetual Night hung o'er the dismal Walls, And from the Ground unhealthy Vapours rose; Through folding Doors of Ebony we came, Into a winding Paffage hung with black, For ever dark - possest by slitting Shades, By waking Fancies, and by frightful Dreams This led us to a fubterraneous Cell, Where the fad Empress Melanchaly reign'd; The musing Matron sat upon a Throne Of mould'ring Earth - her Footstool of the same;

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And for her Canopy an aged Yew Spread o'er her Head its venerable Arms: Her careless Robe was of a sable Hue, And on her Shoulders flow'd her flighted Hair : Her Lips were clos'd with an eternal Silence: Her Arms were folded and her Head reclin'd; On either Side her pale Attendants stood, Two mournful Maids, Dejection and Despair The first (attended with continual Faintings) Seem'd on the Point to close her dying Eyes: A constant Dew hung on her death-like Brow, And her cold Bosom half forgot to heave. Despair (whose Garments by herself were torn) Was mark'd with Wounds that Time can never heal: With desp'rate Hand she Gruck her bleeding Breast. And wash'd the Ground with never-ceasing Tears; With ghastly Figures was the Cave adorn'd. And in the midst the Effigies of Death.

Shock'd at the Place we hafted to return, And left the horrid Mansion far behind; Long time we travell'd through untrodden Paths, Where the brown Forests cast an awful Gloom:

me :

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150 POEMS on Several Occasions,

At length the floating Clouds began to part,
And left behind them Streaks of chearful Azure;
Our Path grew smooth and widen'd to the view,
Until it open'd on a spacious Field;
A Field whose Charms no Painter e'er cou'd reach,
Though he shou'd borrow from the Poet's Heav'n;
The Clime was temp'rate and the Air was still,
The sprouting Turf was of a beauteous Green,
Speckled with Flow'rs of a delicious Dye.
Here crystal Lakes were border'd round with Trees,
Where Blossoms slourish'd in eternal Spring;
For here the Groves no blasting Tempests know,
But still are blest with Fruits that ne'er docay;
Perpetual Sun-shine crown'd the gaudy Hills,
And the fair Vallies were with Plenty gay.

A Path there was, trod o'er the spicy Field,
Which led the Wand'rer to a blissful Shade,
Whose Fence was made of balmy Eglantine;
Where the sair Plane o'erlook'd the Myrtle Shrub,
And slow'ring Orange that persume the Air;
Here slew in Throngs the soft aerial Choir,
Whose glitt'ring Necks like polish'd Amber shone:

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We pass'd delighted through ambrosial Paths,
And Bowers move with Jessamine and Rose;
Joy seiz'd the ravish'd Spirits, while we breath'd.
In Gales that tasted of immortal Sweets.

At length the parting Trees broke into Form,
And with a Circle bound a charming Plain,
I'th' midst of which upon an Iv'ry Throne
Sat Chearfulness, the Genius of the Place:
Her Mien was graceful and her Features fair;
Continual Smiles dwelt on her dimpl'd Cheeks,
Her Hair was bound beneath a shining Crown,
Her Robes were Azure bright with golden Stars,
And in her Hand she held a filver Lute.

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On either Side her royal Sisters sat,

Both lovely, as herself, the not so gay;

The eldest had a Face divinely sair;

Calm was her Look, with Lips prepar'd for smiling,

She often rais'd her thankful Eyes to Heav'n;

Her Form was easy and her Name Content:

The other (much the youngest) was array'd

In Virgin Robes white as unsully'd Snow;

Her thoughtless Smiles wou'd tame a Tiger's Rage,

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152 POBMS on feveral Occasions.

A Lamb (whose Neck was circl'd with a Band
Of new blown Roses) at her Feet was laid,
A milk-white Dove upon her Hand she bore:
Thus ever blest fat Innocence the fair.

Behind these Sisters stood a shining Train,
As Maids of Honour to the Royal Fair:

Prosperity (the first) was climbing up
A stately Pyramid of painted Marble;
From whose high Top the reach'd a brilliant Crowd;
Then with an Air that spoke a joyful Heart,
Look'd down with Pleasure on the Plain below.

Gay Wealth the next, in her embroider'd Vest,
Shone like the Entrails of the eastern Mine;
Her Hair was platted thick with sparkling Gems,
And in her Hand she bore a golden Wand.

Health, like a Sylvan Huntress cloath'd in Green, In her right Hand a dapled Palfry held, Her Air was masculine, and swift her Motion; A Wreath of Flow'rs just ravish'd from the Meads, Bound up the Ringlets of her sable Hair; Her Cheeks were ruddy; and her large black Eyes Confess'd the Vigour of her sprightly Soul.

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These were the Natives of this happy Land,
The Sight of whom so fill'd my glowing Breast
With Ecstasy that I awoke: And thus
Their Glories vanish'd, and were seen no more.

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HELE SHARE PRESENTATION OF THE CONTRACTOR OF THE

The LIBY AN HUNTER, a FABLE. A

Inscrib'd to the Memory of a late admir'd Author.

WHEN Merit rifes like the Prince of Day,

Pale Envy turns her aking Eyes away;

Then fallow Cheeks with Rage are taught to glow,

And narrow Souls to bloated Furies grow.

I waterwised and as social Office Alley A

Old Story tells us, on an earthly Plain
Once Jove descended wrap'd in golden Rain:
Now Fate permits no such familiar Powers,
But Shoals of Criticks fall in leaden Showers:
These gaze at Wit, as Owls behold the Sun,
And curse the Lustre which they fain wou'd shun;
These Beasts of Prey no living worth endure,
Nor are the Regions of the Dead secure;

Yet

114 POEMS on Several Occasions.

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Yet shall the Worthy o'er their Spite prevail; Here lies the Moral follows next the Tale.

with Landy that I need as And the Once on a time on Libra's thirfly Land, Where Showers feldom wet the burning Sand. Liv'd happy Sylvius as the Morning gay, A well-known Favirite of the Prince of Day; Whose Hand, unerring, to the Mark in view Sent the swift Arrow from the twanging Yew: The trembling Panthers from his Fury fly, When the keen Jay'lin his'd along the Sky; Fierce were his Eyes, and dazzling as the Sun; His raven Looks in mazy Ringlets run, A well-stor'd Quiver at his Back was ty'd, A shining Spear his better Hand supply'd : 10 Thus radely charming, he was fure to pleafe With graceful Negligence and careless Ease: He breath'd fost Musick from his tuneful Tongue, And the wild Tiger liften'd to his Song: The woodland Nymphs their dusky Shades forego, And the blue Naiads left the Deeps below: wind had the first being the decine

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None guard the Flocks, nor hunt the flying Prey,
Till he had finish'd the enchanting Lay:
Then Sylvan Dames with Wreaths of Laurel bound,
His chearful Temples and with Roses crown'd.
But grudging Envy heard the just Applause,
And the pale Phantom writh'd her hagard Jaws;
Now swell'd the Bosoms of repining Swains,
And hissing Scandals slew across the Plains.

At length his Fame the wondring Sky invades,
And reach'd the Muses in their sacred Shades;
Bright Tbalia view'd him with an envious Eye,
And thus address'd her Partners of the Sky:
'Ye tuneful Maids, give o'er the labour'd Song,
'Small are the Praises to our share belong;
'Look down and see on yonder sultry Plain,
'Our Voices equal'd by a Libyan Swain;
'Give o'er the Lay, ye too officious Fair,
'Lay down the Lyre and fruitless Hymns sorbear,
'Nor hope to charm the partial Prince of Day,
'While heav'nly Accepts breathe from mortal Clay:

156 POEMS on Several Occasions.

- ' In vain we keep our radiant Seats on high,
- 'If rural Swains shall with our Musick vie:'
 She said: And Rage possess the beauteous Ring,
 Some curse the Youth and some their partial King.
 The Dame who saw th' insectious Murmurs run,
- Roll'd her blue Eyes, and thus afresh begun:

 No more the Bays shall to our Share belong,
- ' Nor charm'd Celestials shall attend our Song:
- But all to Sylvius shall their Off'rings pay;
- · To Sylvius favour'd by the Prince of Day,
- ' Shall he exceed the Muses facred Choir:
- Not while Revenge shall injur'd Bosoms fire.
 - But see, my Sisters: On the Plains below
- Swift Cynthia's Hounds purfue the flying Doe:
- Be mine the Task to bear a fraudful Tale,
- ' To the fwift Hunters in the Libyan Vale:
- " As how her Herds in vain from Sylvius fly;
- · His Darts pursue them, and the Victims die:
- ' So Delia's Rage shall stop his tuneful Tongue,
- And we no more shall dread the rival Song.

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Here ceas'd the Dame — the smiling Sisters join: Their loud Applauses to her sly Design.

Now had the Sun withdrawn his piercing Eye. And Night affum'd the Empire of the Sky: Lull'd in her Lap reposing Nature lay, And Swains forgot the Labours of the Day : The Winds were hush'd, the Ocean ceas'd to roar, And foftly murmur'd by the fandy Shore. When from Parnassus flew the envious Maid. To feek the Huntress of the lonely Shade: The fierce Virago on a verdant Plain, She found, encircl'd by her fleeping Train: Where a cool River bleft the fertile Ground. Its Bank with Trees and bending Ofier's crown'd Beneath a Shade the lovely Dian stood With down-cast Eyes, and view'd the rolling Flood; Whose Waves were bright with the reflected Beams Of her own Orb that sparkl'd on the Streams.

Tere

^{&#}x27;Hail, Delia, Hail, (began the artful Dame)
Lives there a Wretch who owns not Delia's Name?

'Lives

' The awful Empress of the nightly Skies?

' Yes, haughty Sylvius triumphs o'er the Plain,

' Tho' thy choice Herds are by his Arrows flain;

' The frighted Fauns his wanton Rage wou'd fly,

But the keen Dart o'ertakes 'em, and they die.

His shining Spear arrests the trembling Doe,

And groaning Stags the deadly Weapon know:

But if fair Delia to the Libyan Swain

Refigns the Freedom of her facred Plain,

Let none dispute the Licence of her Will,

And I retire to our tuneful Hill.

With fluthing Features and disorder'd Charms The angry Goddess seiz'd her deathful Arms;

side aby her fleet

Shall Man with me dispute the Plain (the cries, While kindling Rage inflam d her rolling Eyes)

'This Hand shall well revenge my flaughter'd Deer: She said: And furious grasp'd the dreadful Spear, And o'er her Shoulder flung the shining Bow.

Then breathing Vengeance fought her guiltless Foe.

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The Youth beneath a dusky Shade the found,
Thoughtless of Ill and sleeping on the Ground;
A deadly Shaft deluded Cynthia drew,
And to his Heart the feather'd Vengeance slew;
The reaking Blood came bubbling through the Wound,
Pour'd o'er his Bosom and distain'd the Ground;
Then the freed Spirit took her airy Way,
To Fields of Pleasure and of endless Day.

The red-check'd Morning had now chas'd away
Night's fable Curtain — and the dawning Day
Call'd forth abroad the trusty Bands — Again
To chase the Tiger o'er the Defert Plain;
To search the Caves where kingly Lions toar,
And from thick Shades dislodge the bristled Boar:
Minimum they want, for him they search, they call,
They search the Shades where crystal Waters fall,
His wonted Haunts: Then ev'ry Voice they try:
In vain they call, for none, alas! reply:
Hear, Sylvius, hear, they cry, and all around;
Hear, Sylvius, hear, the hollow Rocks resound.

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160 POBMS on Several Occasions.

At length a Crew, the basest of the Plain,
Approach'd, the Covert of the slaughter'd Swain
Glad they beheld him breathless on the Ground,
And gaz'd with Rapture on the purple Wound,
When one began — Now bless the friendly Hand,
That swept off Sylvius from the gazing Land:
Behold the Day so oft by us desir'd,
Here lies the Swain whom lately all admir'd.

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This Phabus faw, as from his blazing Wheels, With his broad Eye he view'd the glitt'ring Field Behold the Youth whom he had taught to throw The feather'd Arrow from the bounding Bow, Beheld his Sylvius, to whose artful Tongue He taught the Numbers of enchanting Song. Now cold and breathless on the dewy Plain, And his worst Foes insulting o'er the Slain: Then rag'd the God that wears the silver Bow, And his broad Eyes with sparkling Fury glow, Descended Phabus in a burning Ray, His beamy Locks declares the Prince of Day, And slashing Glories round his Temples play,

Each on his Face the trembling Victims fall, Their stammering Tongues wou'd fain for Mercy call But as all grov'ling on the Dust they lie, His Shafts dispatch them to the darker Sky: Learn hence (he cry'd) ye impious Men, to know, And dread the Pow'r that wears the mortal Bow: For while I rule the blazing Throne of Day, None wrong my Servants but shall find their Pay; He said - and rais'd his Fav'rite from the Ground, Then smil'd the Features: And the gaping Wound Was feen no more. The glowing Cheeks revive, shake off the Stamp of Death, and feem alive; aftead of Cypress and a mournful Shroud, spollo wrap'd him in a golden Cloud, and bore him thence: But where, there's none can fay, Vales to his own Regions of the Day.

And from the Ground where Sylvius late was feen, Where the warm Gore had stain'd the thirsty Green; pleasing Tree arose with slender Stems, hat breath'd Ambrofia from its op'ning Gems:

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162 POEMS on feveral Occasions.

Those opining Gems the Virgins us d to wear On their fair Bosonis, and their shining Hair: Now the gay Shrub each happy Climate knows, By all admir'd, and 'tis call'd the Rose.

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RETURNIER DESTRUCTE

The TEMPLE of LOVE.

WHEN lonely Night compos'd the drowly

And hush'd the Bosom of the weary Hind, Pleas'd with plain Nature and with simple Life, I read the Scenes of Shore's deluded Wise, Till my faint Spirits sought the silent Bed, And on its Pillow drop'd my aking Head; Then Fancy ever to her Mira kind, Prepar'd her Phantoms for the roving Mind.

Behold a Fabrick rifing from the Ground, To the fost Timbrel and the Cittern's Sound: Corintbian Pillars the vast Building hold, Of polish'd Silver and Peruvian Gold; dT wE

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In four broad Arches foread the flining Doors, The blazing Roofs enlighten all the Floors anould A Beneath a fparkling Canopy that shone washing and With Persian Jewels, like a Morning Sun de baides Wrap'd in a Robe of purest Tyrian Dye, Cythera's Image met the ravish'd Eye; Whose glowing Features wou'd in Paint beguile: So well the Artist drew her mimick Smile 1910 Her shining Eyes confess'd a sprightly Joy Upon her Knees reclin'd her wanton Boy; On the bright Walls, around her and above, Were drawn the Statutes and the Arts of Love: These taught the filent Language of the Eye, The broken Whisper and amusing Lye 10 to 14 The careless Glance peculiar to the Fair, 1019 3000 And Vows for Lovers, that diffolve in Air; The graceful Anger, and the rolling Eyes no 1 mod The practis'd Blush and counterfeit Surprise of boa The Language proper for pretending Swains; And fine Description for imagin'd Pains; War 113 The friendly Caution and defigning Eafe, And all the Arts that ruin while they please.

M 2

Now

164 POBMS on feveral Ocafions.

Now entred, follow'd by a folendid Train, A blooming Damfel and a wealthy Swain; The gaudy Youth in thining Robes array'd, Behind him follow'd the unthinking Maid: Youth in her Cheek like op'ning Roses spring. Her careless Tresses on her Shoulders hung. Her Smiles were chearful as enlivining May; Her Dress was careless, and her Eyes were gay; Then to foft Voices and melodious Sound The Board was fpread, the sparkling Glasses crown'd: The fprightly Virgin in a Moment shines In the gay Entrails of the eastern Mines; Then Pride comes in with Patches for the Fair, And spicy Odours for her curling Hair: Rude Riot in a crimson Vest array'd, With smooth-fac'd Flatt'ry like a Chamber-maid: Soft Pomp and Pleasure at her Elbow stand. And Folly shakes the Rattles in her Hand.

But now her feeble Structure feem'd to shake,
Its Basis trembl'd and its Pillars quake;

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Then rush'd Suspicion through the losty Gate,
With heart-sick Loathing led by ghastly Hate;
And foaming Rage, to close the horrid Band,
With a drawn Poniard in her shaking Hand,
Now like an Earthquake shook the reeling Frame,
The Lamps extinguish in a purple Flame;
One universal Groan was heard, and then
The Cries of Women and the Voice of Men:
Some roar out Vengeance, some for Mercy call;
And Shrieks and Tumult fill the dreadful Hall.

Then with pale Checks and with a chaffly

At length the Spectres vanish'd from my Sight,
Again the Lamps resum'd a seeble Light;
But chang'd the Place: No Splendor there was shown,
But gloomy Walls that Mirth had never known;
For the gay Dome where Pleasure us'd to dwell,
Appear'd an Abbey and a doleful Cell;
And here the sad, the ruin'd Nymph was sound,
Her Robe disorder'd and her Locks unbound,
While from her Eyes the pearly Drops of Woe,
Wash'd her pale Cheek where Roses us'd to blow:

Then

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M 3. Her

Her blue and trembling Lips prepard to breathe The Sighs that made her fwelling Boforn heave Thus stupid with her Grief the fat and prest Her lily Hands across her pentive Breast want a new A Group of chaftly Phantoms food behind, Whose Task it is to wreck the guilty Mind: Wide-mouth'd Reproach with Vifage rude and thin, And hiffing Scandal made a hideous Din p and Remorfe that darted from her deadly Wings, Invenom'd Arrows and a thouland Stings; Then with pale Cheeks and with a ghaftly Stare, Peep'd o'er her Shoulder hollow-ey'd Defpair; Whose Hand extended bore a bleeding Heart, And Death behind her thook his threat ning Dart : These Forms with Horror fill'd my aking Breaft, And from my Eye-lids drove the Balm of Rest: I woke and found old Night her Course had run, And left her Empire to the rifing Sum and and

The four her Eyes teggenly Dangs of Wes,

I Robe diforder's and her Locks unbound,

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Paint Sylvin's Pyes, or praise Clarinin's Top

Describe the Charge of M of a D I V C A

SINCE you, Myrtillo, will devote your Time
To the lean Study of delusive Rhyme:
Since you're content to sumber out your Days,
To dream of Dinners, but to feed on Praise;
Receive this Counsel, e'er your Flights begin,
From one long practis'd in the darling Sin.

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Now Fame's broad Ocean lies before your Way;
Yet, Friend, be careful; 'tis a dang'rous Sea:
Where (the' fome few may reach the happy Land)
Numbers are wreck'd upon the treach'rous Sand:
Then guard your Spirits, as you prize your Eafe,
Nor once indulge 'em in a thirst of Praise;
For Fame, like Fortune, (proud, yet wanton too)
Is pleas'd to fly and make the Wretch pursue;
Frowns on her Slaves, but to the careless Mind
That slights her Favours she is always kind.

M 4

Would

168 POEMS on Several Occasions.

Would you the Ladies shou'd approve your Song? Paint Sylvia's Eyes, or praise Clarinda's Tongue; Describe the Charms of Cloe's sprightly Air, Or blooming Daphne more divinely fair; Or Venus's Son that hurls the flaming Dart, And tag each Stanza with a bleeding Heart: Tell them of Rocks where Tears eternal flow, Dissolv'd to Fountains by a Lover's Woe: Of icy Bosoms that in Summer freeze, And Sighs much stronger than a southern Breeze.

Perhaps the Fair, whom for a Theme you choose, Must owe her Beauties to your skilful Muse: Has erring Nature raised her Nose too high, Sunk down her Cheeks, or drawn her Lips awry? No matter how the twisted Features stand, They'll grow divine beneath a Poet's Hand: Tho' her dim Eye-balls roll within her Head, Like two gray Bullets in a Verge of red; You like Promotheus must their Rays inspire, And fill their Orbs with more than mortal Fire.

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Do you the Levee of his Grace attend. And (like most Poets) shou'd you want a Friend, Make not his Worth the Measure of your Song; But learn his Humour, and you can't be wrong; Perhaps this Maxim may offend the wife; But you must flatter, if you mean to rise: Observe what Passions in his Bosom roll, And watch the fecret Motions of his Soul: Mind what false Guard has left a Breach within, For some choice Folly, or some darling Sin: These you must hide --- but draw his Virtues nigh, Lest the rude Picture shock the gazing Eye.

The Heralds-Office you must search with Care, And look you find no Pimps nor Taylors there Bring none to light but honourable Knaves; Shut up the Peafants in their mouldy Graves: If Knights are wanting in the dusky Breed, Arthur's round Table will supply your Need.

Imagin dalls dessine our aline Even. No more --- for I (as many Teachers do) Shew my own Folly by instructing you;

190 Pormson feveral Occasions.

And you perhaps diffain my wholfom Rules;
So faucy Pupils count their Masters Fools:
But shou'd your Pride the common Track refuse,
You'll find small Pensions for your haughty Muse:
Still you may scribble on; and in the End
Be just as rich as — Sir, your humble Priend.

Vind' white the County has been a Breach within,

On D. I S C O M T E N T.

the ride Picture those the graing Eve.

S A Y, dearest Stells, why this pensive Air?

Tell me, O tell thy Sorrows and thy Cate;

Why thy Lips tremble, and thy Cheeks are pale?

Why heaves thy Bosom with a mournful Gale?

Let not thy Eyes for distant Evils flow,

Nor rack thy Bosom with prophetick Woe:

Imagin'd Ills deceive our aking Eyes,

As lengthen'd Shades appear of monstrous Size,

When setting Phaebus gilds the Evining Skies.

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The pictured Joy deludes our panting Souls, and When round the Heart its finding Phantom rolls; the gay Impostor mocks our reaching Arms; and Yet while it lasts, the pleasing Vision charms and I Not so Distruct, her gloomy Foreboad rears; and We She brings cold Anguish and a crowd of Fears; but Ah lovely Stella? as you prize your Rest, and I expel this Furly from your guildes Breast.

The wife and mighty Guardian of Mankind, II
To each Dividual has their Draught assign'd; and W
And tho' no Pearls shou'd in our Potion fall,
Let us be chearful while he spares the Gall:
Unmeaning Transports for a Moment please, and of
Yet Peace alone can bless your equal Days.

But coldly viewed or quickly thrown afide,

See cringing Merit at the Gates of Pride;

See Wit and Wildom (that our Fathers prized)

In Youth neglected as in Age despised:

Behold (the Scorn, as late the Dread of all)

The Politician from his Clory fall;

He

172 PORMS on Several Occasions.

He whose sly Genius cou'd a Kingdom rule,
Shall have his Exit his'd by ev'ry Fool:
With aking Bosom and a streaming Eye
The hoary Soldier sees his Honour sly;
Who in his Age must to Oppression bow,
And yield his Laurels to a younger Brow:
Those Laurels shall the proud Successor wear
A while; then strip and leave 'em to his Heir.

If these are wretched let not us repine,
Whose meaner Talents ne'er were made to shine:
Our Good and Ill, our Vice and Virtue falls
Within the compass of domestick Walls:
To those small Limits be thy Views confin'd,
And bless thy Cottage with an humble Mind.

Look not at Joys that dazzle from afar,

Nor envy Glaro on his gilded Car;

For all Degrees their Days of Anguish know,

And the most happy have a taste of Woe:

Then calmly take what Providence ordains,

Ie swells the Load who murmurs and complains:

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For all things vary: And who fits to day
Half-drown'd in Tears; to-morrow may be gay.

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The . P R O P O S A L.

7 I T H aking Fingers, twinging Nose, And vex'd, dear Madam, we'll suppose: (To leave yourself and Parlour-fire) Trudg'd Mira to her own good Sire; Beneath a cold and gloomy Sky Walk'd cheek by jole the Muse and I: The list'ning Goffip, tho' unseen, Had watch'd the Talk that pass'd between Myself and you: And much offended (It feems) at what was there intended. So cries the peevish Maid, (and squinting) Methinks I heard you talk of Printing: Have I bestow'd a world of Pains, To spirit up your blockish Brains, To get from thence an idle Rhyme, That made me blush to call it mine?

174 Polas on Soveral Occasions.

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- And shall I fee the crippl'd Crew and shall the to
- · Discarded from their Seat and you, no have ab-dall
- ' Turn'd out to skip from hand to hand
- ' In dirty Gazettes round the Land,
- ' To grace the Knee of ev'ry Sot,
- ' And catch the Droppings of his Pot,
- While in a Rage the drowfy Swains
- · Perhaps may curse you for your Pains,
- · Protesting with a Critick's Spite,
- That none fince Durfey knew to write?
- But, Mira, if you want a Muse,
- ' To grace the Page of weekly News,
- The Task is much too low for me,
- ' Yet I've a Maid of less Degree,
- (With Spirit fuiting to her State)
- Will serve you at an easy Rate:
- "Whose Voice, the hoarse, is loud and strong,
- An Artist at a ranting Song,

EnA

- ' Can chaunt Lampoons without much straining,
- Or Epigrams with double Meaning,
- ' To join the Tavern-Harp or Viol:
- Now if you'll take her upon trial,

Look and sleet and T

He pleas'd to feel a Glance or two,

- To her Deferrings fult your Pay, bill on the and T
- And then you take the lafest way and a sign to H
- ' Perhaps you'll prosper in the End,
- 'I'll fay no more : But ask your Friend, we level find
- Here ends the Muse Dear Madam, fay,
- Shall I reject her or obey ?



SOTO. A CHARACTER.

In Soto's Bosom you may find
The Glimm'ring of a worthy Mind:
Tis but a faint and feeble Ray,
Impersect as the dawning Day;
Yet were the jarring Passions tun'd,

And the wild Branches nicely prun'd, The Soil from Thorns and Thiftles clear,

Some latent Virtues might appear:

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I'th' Morning catch him, (early tho' Your Bird will else be flown, I trow,)

E'er he has reach'd the bowzing Can,

You'll find the Stamp of reasining Man:

Then

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is heard a

76 POEMS on Several Occasions.

Then see the Wretch whom none can rule, E'er Night a Mad-man and a Fool; The witty Soto then you'll find, Just level with the brutal Kind. With crimson Face and winking Eyes, That look like Woodcocks, mighty wise: See streams a Current down his Chin, From soft Tobacco lodg'd within; Be pleas'd to steal a Glance or two, But one may serve to make you———

He fain wou'd walk, but cannot stand,
And see a Palsy in his Hand;
And tho' his Throat has swallow'd down
Two Gallons of October brown,
His greedy Guts impatient roar,
And seem to call aloud for more:
More they shall have: But hark, within
Is heard a rude and lawless Din:
Wind, Ale, and Phlegm their Powers wage,
And Hickups call them to engage;

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The UNIVERSAL DREAM.

G IVE o'er your Whims, fays my confiderate

Retrieve the fleeting Hours you idly spend's books

Blind to Advice, incorrigible, vain, and one deal I

You follow Fancy and her laughing Train;

N

' Your

178 Poems on feveral Occasions.

Your thoughtless Days in swift Delusion fly in So let them go, says unconverted I,
Look round the Globe, my Friend, and then you'll see The drowsy World is flumbring just like me.
See on soft Beds the Hero sleeps secure,
Till War comes thundring at his trembling Door;
In wiser Dreams the Politician prys
Through distant Kingdoms with his half-shut Eyes!
The lull'd Projector builds aerial Towers,
And rolls smooth Rivers through enchanted Bowen.
The Chymist slumbers o'er imagin'd Gold,
So Delia's Conquests in her Dreams are told.
What monstrous Phantoms in that Trance are born,
Through which Amyntor sees his sprouting Horn?

When purblind Mortals found the Depths of Fate, Or some lean Poet aims at an Estate;
Or when the good believing Man depends
On the slight Promise of his courtly Friends;
Shou'd those awake they to their Cost wou'd find,
These are but Shadows of a sleeping Mind.

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And Mortals only in their Dreams are bleft panel and Then dream no longer, my well-meaning Friend.

That Mira's Follies with her Mule shall end and Some younger Vanity succeeds the first, who and had a No: While the rest in fruittess Cares are hurling.

And the last Folly often proves the worst and the last Folly often proves the worst and the last To this glad Bosom hug the dear Mistake.

To this glad Bosom hug the dear Mistake.



The Sow and the PEACOCK.

Ha Neck and Brand In Brand A

That marked like the flamy Pl

IN Days of Yore, as Authors tell,
When Beafts and Birds cou'd read and spell,
(No matter where, in Town or City,)
There liv'd a Swine exceeding witty,
And for the Beauties of her Mind,
Excelling all her briftl'd Kind:

N 2

But

180 POEMS on feveral Occasions.

But yet to mortify her Price, and believe to the book of the She found at last her failing Side.

B

and between no bound Converted and or Friend. Philesophy the had good Store, with the stand win of Had ponder'd Seneca all o'er a wind belonder ned! Yet all Precautions useless prove to and the best on the Against the Pow'r of mighty Love. some stid who day It happen'd on a fultry Day, and a win sain all Upon her fav'rite Couch the lay: mojest bely and aT Twas a round Dunghil foft and warm, O'er-shadow'd by a neighb'ring Barn, a land a second When lo, her winking Eyes behold A Creature with a Neck of Gold, a mind work and With painted Wings and gorgeous Train, That fparkl'd like the flarry Plain : 101 all A His Neck and Breast all brilliant shine Against the Sun: The dazzl'd Swine, Who never faw the like before, I wash now and the Vi Began to wonder and adore; mod brather H argo nA But seeing him so fair and nice, And that's a

She left her Dunghil in a trice,

And

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And (fond to please) the granting Elf manual and The Began to wash and prune herself, be such a such and and from the stinking Wave she run.

To dry her Carcase in the Son; described and all this Then rubb'd her Sides against a Tree, a only instrumed And now as clean as Hogs can be.

With cautious Air and doubtful Breast, the string breast The glitt'ring Peacock thus address:

- 'Sir; I, a homely rural Swine, in a warrantuc * ?
- 'Can boast of nothing fair nor fine, who was I fold 'No Dainties in our Troughs appear, who was the same of the sa
- But as you feem a Stranger here,
- Be pleas'd to walk into my Sty,
- 'A little Hut as plain as I; when room kendoon to

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- ' Pray venture through the humble Door; down but the
- And the your Entertainment's poor, we see the
- With me you shall be fure to find the wood I work
- 'An open Heart and honest Mind;
- And that's a Dainty seldom found of and principal
- 'On Cedar Flow'rs and City Ground.

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Thus far the Sow had preach'd by rule, brow both She preach'd, alas ! but to a Pool junt diaw or hate! For this same Peacock (you must know) warmed has Had he been Man, had been a Beau and rate of And had (like them) but mighty little to delimination To fay: So fquirted out his Spittle need on womban And with an All that lichtified, forwhite succional dow He'd got at least his shahe of Pride, of printing mil He thus began: 'Why, truly now, You're very civil Mira Some Honor but guile But I am very clean; d'ye fee deson to finod and Your Sty is not a Place for met on raiming by Shou'd I go through that narrow Door, My Feathers might be foil'd or fore Or scented with unfay'ry Furnes 25 1011 of the And what am I without my Plumes Bruney vall And the' your Entertainment's the The much offended Sow replies, in voy om thi W (And turns a fquint ther narrow Eyes) of factor A

Sir, you're incorrigibly vain, which is a said but

To value thus a fring Train or word rebed any This tery day, thide her glowing Cheeks benea

Postus in Several Occasions 183

- For when the northern Wind shall blow, now wol.
- And fend us Hail, and Sleet, and Snow of
- ' How will you fave from fuch keen Weather
- Your Merit? Sir, I mean your Feathers
- As for myfelf; to think that I I leading had
- 'Shou'd lead an Idiot to my Sty, I shin i he

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- Or strive to make an Oaf my Friend,
- It makes my Briffles fland an end : 11 20 20 20 10 1
- But for the future when I fee (9) saw it dan't no! I
- 'A Bird that much refembles thee; would list od to
- 'I'll ever take it as a Role.
- 'The shining Case contains a Fool, 2 grabauo bal

Han I'line and hong delude the test one from

FLORIMELIA, the First PASTORAL.

And the damp evergent about M. T. M. By M. And the damp evergent about making menty Deny

Fair as the Bloffoms of the smiling Spring and Whose lovely Temples were a Myrde Wreath,
That serv'd to shade her glowing Cheeks beneath:

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184 Paris on Journal Occusiones

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How wou'd that Brow, which never knew to frown; Become the Splender of an awful Crown and A For, by the infire of her thining Eyes, or II a oly no You'd take her for an Empress in disguise avenued Those graceful Limbs the clad in humble Green, And Wou'd fuit a Princess, nor disgrace a Queen such lui Yet a plain Crook adorn'd her mowy Hands; in bill Fair as the Fleeces of her tender Lambi 200 404 Her Task it was, those tender Lambs to lead, O'er the tall Mountain on the fertile Mead with A Where the clear Fountains gently murmur by, And founding Grottosito her Flute reply : min on The Her Flute and Song delude the tedions Day, And her for Hours calmly glide away. In Smiles the Fair One view'd the rifing Sun, In Smiles beheld him when his Race was done: And when his Beams had bid the Fields adieu, And the damp Meadows shone with pearly Dew; Pent in their Fold the leaves her wanton Care; And to her home returns the happy Rain: 1154 "Twas a low Cottage, humble as their Fate of the little Where an old Father met her at the Gate a viol and This NA How

Pione & Som Several Occasions

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This Hind was call'd Afopbut of the Plain.

A Name much valu'd by each honest Swain:

On whose grave Brow were seen the Marks of Time,

No more his Cheeks confess'd their healthy Prime:

Dim were his Eyes: Those Eye-balls that had seen

Full fourscore Springs array'd in sprightly Green:

Child of his Age was Florimel the Fair;

And she alone his Comfort and his Care.

Their little House was plac'd beneath a Hill,
Whose Verge was water'd by a streaming Rill:
The Stranger here no gilded Spires saw,
For this low Roof was thatch'd with humble Straw;
Mosaick here nor Fret-work there was none,
Nor Venice Glass to sparkle in the Sun:
Its only Window was of Osier made,
Full South it look'd and seldom knew the Shade,
Where by the Sun this careful Peasant knew,
How o'er his Head the swist-wing'd Minutes slew;
A little Orchard too was planted nigh,
And the cool River roll'd its Waters by:

In whose clear Stream the pendent Willows lave,
And the weak Bullrush trembled o'er the Wave.
Within the Banks fost Water creffes spring,
Where the pleas d Heron prones her dabbled Wing.

Thus dwelt Mophus - happier far than he Whose Slaves approach him with a bending Knee: His willing Eye-lids in fort Stambers close, and back No midnight Revels break his lov'd Repofe; No dark Intrigue for open Vengeance calls, 110.11 Nor Envy dwelt within his peaceful Walls ? V Story But his calm Days in one finooth Circle run; He bleft the rifing and declining Sun, A Stranger both to Sickness and to Sin: Twas Health without and Happiness within, While by his Side his Florimelia fung. And his fond Soul upon her Mufick hung: Like him no Parent lov'd his darling Care, No Child like her to duteous and to fair: Him with crumb'd Milk both Morn and Eve the fed, And smooth dene Pillows for his weary Head: DEM MOSSIES OF DEATH AND REPORTED

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With her his Moments gently glide away to healy o'll Who draft'd in Smiles the Evining and the Dayshid W

Hear this, ye great Onds, which unwieldy Store
Is still embitter'd with a With for more and a good with a With for more and a good of Police of Millian With a plain Pealant in his humble Oellain and the larmest Hind with a plain Pealant in his humble Oellain and the With a clear Confessor and the harmless Hind with a clear Confessor and a chearful Mind;
And the gay Wantons vainly learth around,

FLORIMETTA, The Second Pastice A DO

with the Jac By Mr. N.E.W. T. 9 No deligand the l

A Soft Photocola witch'd her factory Fold, and W Soft Photocola with her Locks of Gold, Low in a Vale beneath a spreading Shade, and W Two ruddy Youths that lov'd the beauteous Maid,

188 Possis on feveral Occupions

To please the Fair thus formed the rival Songy hand While the Herds liftentd to each tuneful Tongue de Buch

PHILASTER.

This Morn I wandered through a poplar Grove Where a lone Turtle mourn'd her abient Love; With penfive Coo the well expressed her Weet had Lull'd by her Voice the Brooks more gently flow; When lo the Partner of her Neft drewinigh an alog With hov'ring Wings a And bid her Sorrows fly: All fprightly now with brisker Note the fings you and Prupes her foft Breatt, and spreads her joyful Wings No more the Grove is Witness to her Woe, but had Such are the loys that faithful Lovers know above CHROMISTO!

As yester'-even, while my Sheep did feed On a fost Bank, I tun'd my Oaten Reed and the

Twas there a fingle Violet I spy'd,

That breath'd its Odours, droop'd its Head, and dy'd; When from the Root a gay Companion grew,

Fair as the first and fresh as Morning Dow Whose fragrant Leaves perfum'd the bording Plain

Then did the first its former Beauties gain, but ow! olo

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PHILASTERS wold

As fweet as was the Violet is my Love 1 och bit A

Bur when the how a remo our Diere de the men And I as confrant as the Turtle Dove of on bal

Will device Vorta T. S.A. W. H. H. Genny now

Soft are the Murmurs of a fouthern Wind, in W and the Complainings of a love-fick Mind : 1000 10 of are the Breathings of an Infant's Sleep, Manie Wa at the is fofter than her harmless Sheep of wer Herid

CHROM LSD

Sweet are the Gales that meet the roly Morn, A weet are the Flow'rs that yonder Meads adorn . A weet are the Banks on which my Lambkins play. A ut my lov'd Nymph is fweet as early Day.

PHATE A SOT BROWN S STORY

Where walks my Love-there opining Roses bloom and vellow Cowflips thed a choice Perfume : Nov. A then the is gone the opining Roles fade, White he Sun himself laments the absent Maid and on The

CHRO-

The did the first the grove

CHROSE

To pleased with cales of the work in Substitute branch

When finite my Love, then finite the Groves below: ASTREATER ATTION

And the clear Shies with brighter Luftre glow : Av But when the frowns, those Groves are glad no more And the Sky lowers that was bright before. I ban

all do by the PRIFE A FIER AND AND THE

While we prefer the Spring to Winter Storms Or goodly Cedars to unfeemly Thorns While Maples keep below the lofty Pine, and one in Shall my lov'd Nymph before her Sifters thine! CHROMPS.

As we pieter the Peacock to the Crow, 10,00002 As Maidens fairer than their Mothers flow And as my Voice above Philafter fwells, So my lov'd Nymph each other Nymph excels.

PATEASTER

You fing hat Night with more melodious Air, As you lay plaining Che's yellow Elair; While the Griff Pipe her flender Fingers ply'd, The Pipe you gave her, and your Heart befide,

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Now michely V. S. M. M. O. M. D. O. M. N.

"Twas you I faw beneath a maple Shade;
With blubber'd Cheeks you curs'd the cruel Maid,
Who broke your Cypress Bowl on yonder Plain,
And sent the Willow to her slighted Swain.

PHILLASTER STA

'Tell me at midnight where do Mandrakes groan, And Blood fall dropping from the darkned Moon: Tell this, and I shall for thy Learning yield, A coal-black Lamb that sports in yonder Field.

CHROMIS

Tell me, where Oaks have tender Medlars bore,
And Shrubs yield Apples that were Crabs before;
And for thy Knowledge I shall not refuse
To give the best of all my speckled Ewes.

Thus lung the Shepherds while the list ning Maid, Prais'd both their Songs, and thus their Songs repaid; Behold this lovely Pine-apple, the cry'd; And this Twin-chesnut once my chiefest Pride, These long were mine, and these I give to you; To both a Prize, a Prize to both is due.

Now

192 Polins on Several Occasion,

Now nightly Vapours taint the colder Air,
They part the Flocks, and to the Folds repair;
And the black Clouds forbid their longer Stay, drive
Their Feet unwilling tread their deftin d Way
At once: Farewel too lovely Nymphs, they ery,
And on the Virgin cast a parting Eye.

* ACTUAL CONTRACTOR OF THE CON

CATHARINA'S CAVE

By Mr. N E W T O N.

BENEATH a Mountain's folitary Shade
Liv'd Catharina, then an ancient Maid,
An useful Dame that ev'ry Simple knew,
And from choice Herbs exhal'd a cordial Dew.
Rutle was her Dome, and hid from prying Eyes,
By losty Hills that seem'd to reach the Skies;
Deep in a Rock the winding Cavern run,
A bending Cypress skreen'd it from the Sun:
From its rude Side a Fountain us'd to flow,
That pour'd incessant on the Stones below:

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This Musick lull'd the pensive Dame to Rest, And drew foft Slumbers on her aching Breast: No Sun was there, nor fcarce a dawning Gleam, No twinkling Stars, nor Cynthia's filver Beam. There naked Elms and fapless Oaks appear'd; With Age grown rotten, and by Light'ning fear'd; There perch'd the Raven and the gray-ey'd Owl, With his wife Visage and his serious Scowl; No Flow'rets there bedeck the mosfy Ground, But a thick Forest spread its Shade around, Where the fmooth Box and browner Hafel green The folemn Pine-tree and the baleful Yew: Here no glad Sound was heard nor human Tongu Not Colin's Flute nor Blouzelinda's Song : These gloomy Shades for Grief were only made, And howling Wolves that scamper'd thro' the Glade.

Here Catharina spent her irksom Days,
Secluded both from Envy and from Praise.

Not so her laughing Moments us'd to run,
When her bright Eyes were like a Morning Sun;
When to her Flock repair'd the gazing Swains,
Her Flock was then the fairest of the Plains;

And

And the no less — with Veins of sprightly Blue,
And Cheeks like Roses wrap'd in Morning Dew,
The Loves and Graces round her Features slew.
Her Mind was chearful as the rising Day,
Mature as Summer and as April gay;
Yet Fate too soon eclips d her early Joy,
She sell the Victim of the winged Boy,
The winged Boy that bears the fatal Darts:
Henceforth may Virgins better guard their Hearts,
'Twas Celadon, 'twas he that caus'd her Pain,
The fairest Shepherd of the rural Train;
Whose careless Beauty made her Heart his Prize,
And stole the Slumbers from her wakeful Eyes,

Long time her Pride and cooler Reason strove
Against the Power of encroaching Love,
In vain—her Cheeks and mournful Eyes declare
The smother'd Passion and the secret Care,
While the dull Youth, whom Beauty ne'er cou'd
please,

Who fought no more than Indolence and Eafe, Rang'd o'er the Vallies with his darling Tray, Or near fome Fountain flumber'd out the Day: Ai Ai Ti

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All Nymphs he strove (but mostly her) to shun, There the soft Flute his nimble Fingers ply'd, dil W While his lov'd Dog sat list'ning by his Side.

Then wept the Fair with Grief and Rage oppress'd; Strange Passions labour'd in her pensive Breast; in The She lost her Crook — her Flocks no more were told, And her Lambs wander'd from their nightly Fold.

Till to these Shades she took her desp'rate Way, And vow'd no more to see the Beams of Day: Here the gay Roses on her Cheek expir'd, And from her Eyes the laughing Loves retir'd: No slow'ry Wreaths her faded Temples knew, Her Locks uncomb'd upon her Shoulders slew; No silken Vestment's on her Limbs were roll'd, A russet Mantle sav'd her from the Cold; A simple Cordage round her Waste she ty'd, And a rude Staff her better Hand supply'd.

Here learn'd the Dame the Physick of the Field, And what the Woods and what the Mountains yield Of sov'reign Balm, to heal a rankling Wound, Or ripen Swellings where no Sores are found;

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196 POEM'S on several Occasions.

To strengthen Sinews, and Catarrhs expel,

And none for Colicks con'd her Art excel.

With magick Herbs she drew out fest ring Thorns;

Her Charms cou'd banish Tooth-ach, Cramps, and

Corns.

To her repair'd from all the neighb'ring Plains,
The fickly Matrons and the wounded Swains:
Nor to one Species was her Art confin'd;
Her Skill was known amongst the fleecy Kind;
Her Cordials strengthen'd the declining Ewe,
And limping Calves her healing Plaisters knew.

ROTTONIA TO DESCRIPTION

The End Nort Que U de Ray.

In vain, alas! (do lazy Mortals cry)

In vain wou'd Wildom trace the boundless Sky,
Where doubled Wonders upon Wonders rise,
And Worlds on Worlds confound our dazzl'd Eyes
Better be still — Let Nature rest, say they,
Than err by Guess and with Opinion stray:
Then tell me, why our Eyes were made to view
Those Orbs that glister in the sluid Blue?

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Why in our Sight those shining Wonders roll? Or why to Man was giv'n a thinking Soul? May I not ask how moves the radiant Sun? How the bright Stars their pointed Circuits run? What warms those Worlds that so remotely shine? And what can temper Saturn's frozen Clime? Who that beholds the full-orb'd Moon arise, That chearful Empress of the nightly Skies; Who wou'd not ask (cou'd-learned Sages tell) What kind of People on her Surface dwell? But there we pause-Not Newton's Art can show A Truth, perhaps, not fit for us to know. How great the Pow'r, who gave those Worlds to roll;

The Thought strikes inward, and confounds the Soul; Fall down, O Man - Ah fall before the Rod Of this Almighty, All-creating God: But hark - from Heav'n there came a chearing Sound; Now Man revives, and fmile the Worlds around:

'Tis Mercy - lo a golden Ray descends,

And Hope and Comfort in the Lustre blends.

When

198 PORMS on Several Occasions.

When from the Stars we turn our aking Eyes,
To Earth we bend them where new Wonders rife;
Where Life and Death the equal Scale suspend,
New Beings rising as the former end.
Who not surprised can trace each just Degree
From the swift Eagle to the peevish Bee;
From the sierce Lion that will yield to none,
To the weak Mouse that hides her from the Sun!

How hear one Species to the next is join'd,
The due Gradations please a thinking Mind;
And there are Creatures which no Eye can see,
That for a Moment live and breathe like me:
Whom a small Fly in bulk as far exceeds.
As you tall Cedar does the waving Reeds:
These we can reach —and may we not suppose
There still are Creatures more minute than those.

Wou'd Heav'n permit, and might our Organs bear.
To pierce where Comets wave their blazing Hair:
Where other Suns alternate fet and rife,
And other Moons light up the chearful Skies:
The ravish'd Soul might still her Search pursue,
Still find new Wonders op'ning on her view:

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From thence to Worlds in Miniature descend, And still press forward, but shou'd find no End: Where little Forests on a Leaf appear, And Drops of Dew are mighty Oceans there: These may have Whales that in their Waters play, And wanton out their Age of half a Day: In those small Groves the smaller Birds may sing, And share like us their Winter and their Spring, Pluck off you Acorn from its Parent Bough, Divide that Acom in the midst — and now In its firm Kernel a fair Oak is feen With spreading Branches of a sprightly Green: From this young Tree a Kernel might we rend, There wou'd another its small Boughs extend. All Matter lives, and thews its Maker's Power; There's not a Seed but what contains a Flower: Tho' unobserv'd its secret Beauty lies, Till we are blest with Microscopick Eyes. When for blue Plumbs our longing Palate calls, Or scarlet Cherries that adorn the Walls;

0 4.

With

200 POEMS on Several Occasions.

With each plump Fruit we swallow down a Tree,
And so destroy whole Groves that else wou'd be
As large and perfect as those Shades we see.

Behold you Monster that unwieldly laves

Beneath the Surface of the briny Waves:

Still as he turns, the troubl'd Sea divides;

And rolls in Eddies from his slimy Sides.

Less huge the Dolphin to the Sun displays
His Scales, and in the smoother Ocean plays:
Still less the Herring and round Mackrel sweep
The shallow Tide, nor trust the roaring Deep:
How far by gradual numberless Degrees,
The senseless Oyster is removed from these.

Who follows Nature through her mazy Way,
From the mute Infect to the Fount of Day,
(Where now the rifes, now her Steps decline)
Has need of Judgment better taught than mines
But on this Subject we have talk d too long,
Where grave-fac'd Wifdom may itself be wrong.

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ENSE CALLED SANS

The RIVAL BROTHERS.

ELIA and I, to Chare the vernal Gales, One Evining wander'd o'er the dewy Vales A Still was the Soul, and ev'ry Sense was pleas'd, notit And the cool Heart from Care and Business eas'd: Arm lock'd in Arm with heedless Steps we rove, Round the fair Borders of a blooming Grove; Reclin'd at ease within the secret Shades, it and a W A levely Bower held two fairer Maids, sociose W 10 H Soft Flavia one, with Cheeks of roly Dye, drive that And Sylvia famous for her far-like Eye. Sylvia, whose Wit was vers'd in charming Wiles, Who often varied her Discourse with Smiles: Love-tales she told, some fictious and some true, The Subject various and her Stories new ; and HA Of Innocence oppress'd by mightier Wrong, And many Proofs the drew from facred Song: When Flavia thus - behold the ling'ring Day. Still paints you Heavens with a filver Gray; And

I

202 PORMS on feveral Occasions.

And flothful Night with gentler Pace comes on,
As if the liften'd to thy charming Tongue:
The Rival Brothers, let my Sylvia tell,
How cross they lov'd, and who untimely fell:
Her Friend reply'd, You shall not ask in vain,
Although the Story gives thy Sylvia Pain:
Then on her Check her iv'ry Hand she laid,
And with a Sigh began the lovely Maid.

Long time before our Fathers Lives began,
There liv'd an ancient and a worthy Man,
Was long the Favirite of indulgent Fame;
For Wretches know and blefs'd Chripbon's Name,
Just without Pride, without Reluctance kind;
For inborn Goodnels with fost Pity join'd,
To form the Bass of his godlike Mind.
His temp'rate Soul was ne'er disturb'd with Rage,
But graceful bore the rev'rend Weight of Age:
All bounteous Heav'n had to his share consign'd:
A moderate Fortune with a peaceful Mind:
His Dwelling seated on a rising Hill,
Was water'd round with many a crystal Rill:

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Gardens and Groves the smother'd Buildings screen, Which look'd the Seat of some retir'd Queen.

Cythania tost of the admiring Land, The fairest Virgin of the shining Band, Did to Chytiphon's Honour trust her Charms, And gave her Beauties to his faithful Arms: But cruel Death, whose Business is to rend The pale-ey'd Matron from her weeping Friend. Had torn Cythania from his widow'd Side, And left her Spouse to wail his constant Bride: Heav'n spar'd one Child to crown his feeble Age. To chear his Spirits and his Grief affwage: Suphinia precious to her Father's Mind, To her alone was ev'ry Wish confin'd: Nor did the Virgin less deserve his Care, Her guiltless Soul was like her Person fair; for Heav'n to form this matchless Beauty join'd Her Mother's Features to her Father's Mind; Not op'ning Roses nor the bashful Day, Blush'd half so sweetly as Sophinia gay: Her Eyes were dazzling and her Temples fair, And ev'ry Feature wore a fmiling Air;

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204 POEMS on Several Occasions.

For Wit and Learning she out-strip'd her Kind, Nor cou'd her Sex debase her noble Mind; In search of Knowledge she wou'd spend the Day, And Judgment walk'd before her guiltless Way.

Not many Furlongs from those blisful Plains. Where good Clytiphon rul'd the happy Swains, There liv'd a wealthy and a worthy Peer, Lov'd by his Friends and to his Country dear; Laon the great in Valour justly fam'd, His Sons Lycander and Polyphon nam'd, Both noble Youths and by their Friends admir'd, And Thirst of Glory both their Hearts inspir'd; Lycander's Form was fairer than his Mind; His Shape was faultless and his Brow sublime, His jetty Locks in mazy Ringlets run, And his bright Eyes were like a Morning Sun: Rays quick and fierce their fubtle Light'nings fling, His Cheeks were fresher than the dawning Spring; But then as Tempests o'er the Ocean roll, Continual Paffion tore his boiling Soul; Disdainful, proud, with an imperious Will, Headlong he rush'd on unsuspected Ill:

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Reason in vain oppos'd her sacred Shield, and as illied And Virtue's felf must to the Whirlwind yield : A Polyphon's Soul was of a gentler Kind, and and and a No rugged Storms cou'd thake his easy Mind Still calm and pleafant as the Evining Skies: When not a Breeze through the still Region flies No gloomy Frowns a follen Heart betray, His Brow was thoughtless and his Air was gay: W These to Clytiphon's did their Sire attend, and and The pleasing Mansion of their Father's Friend, Loa With Lovers Eyes they both Sephinia view, As with her Years her rifing Beauty grew, With airy Hopes they nurs'd the rival Flame, And fought with Gifts to win the fmiling Dame But the too cautious to be foon betray'd, Their Merit balanc'd, and their Tempers weigh'd? Lycander's Fortune pleas'd the lovely Dame, His Power, Titles and his rifing Fame; And the gay Maid beheld with early Pride, And Laon's bright Heir attending at her Side: That way wou'd oft her Vanity incline, But then her Reason fear'd his base Design :

Still

266 Possis in Several Occasions.

Still at her Heart the fullen Doubt remains, And put a Period to the golden Dreams: Polyphon's Image on her Fancy Role With thousand Beauties in his taintless Soul Clear as his Pace and forightly as his Mien Soft as his Voice, and like his Brow ferenc. Polyphon now the wavering Nymph admires. Nor thinks of Caftles, Towns, and thining Spires Her changing Thoughts prefer an easy Home, And dwell with Patience on a younger Son. Lycander once her Fav rite was, but now He meets Referement and a frozen Brow: In vain to move the formful Nymph he tries, With fprightly Oaths and well diffembl'd Lies: His Form no more can please Sophinia's Eyes. Without Concern he met the Fair's Dildain, Nor cou'd her Frown disturb the haughty Swain; Conscious of Merit he pursu'd her still, And only thought her Tongue bely'd her Will: For Impudence, to Vice a trufty Squire. Who bears her Arms and fans her purple Fire,

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Had taught Lycander, that Affairs of Love
Are not regarded in the Realms above;
That Oaths are licens'd to address th' Fair,
And Vows to Virgins but the Sport of Air;
That Maids are Merchandise, and may be sold
For charming Eloquence and mighty Gold.

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A Grove there was, a venerable Shade,
No hostile Iron durst her Boughs invade,
Whose losty Pines for sev'ral Ages grew,
And rev'rend Oaks a hundred Winters knew:
A crystal River wander'd half-way round,
The rest desended with a hasel Mound;
Twas here to shun Lycander's jealous Eye,
When Sol departed to the western Sky;
The sty Sophinia us'd to leave her Maids,
And meet Polyphon in the balmy Shades;
While the proud Youth who sound himself despis'd,
His Person slighted and Polyphon priz'd;
Grew wild with Love and desp'rate with Despair,
And vow'd Destruction to the gentle Pair:

No

208 PORMS on Jeveral Occasions.

No quiet Hour his furly Spirit knows,

Nor Rest by Day-light or at Night Repose:

Cold to his Friends, and if they ask his Care,

He only answers with a fullen Glare.

One Evining when the sparkling Sun withdrew. And thirsty Flowers sip'd the grateful Dew; When this fair Grove had put on all her Charms, And Zephyrs play'd amidft her curling Arms; Sophinia weary of the fultry Day, To the cool Forest took her lonely Way, Attentive only to the Linnets Song. No ill she thought of, and she fear'd no Wrong: Pleas'd with the Glories of the smiling Year, For guilty Minds are only taught to fear. The well-known Path her willing Feet pursue Through the brown Shade, where in the Centre grew A Row of Laurels crown'd with lafting Green, And fofter Beech and flow'ring Rose between: Here in a fatal Hour Sophinia came; For proud Lycander watch'd the levely Dame: Revenge and Love at once his Bosom fire; His broad Eyes flash with more than mortal Fire:

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Then to his Friends the raging Hero flew, well no I His Friends a thoughtless and a wanton Crew, Whose slothful Hands were backward, as their Will, In Virtue's Caufe, but resolute in Ill: a bill hall To these the Youth disclos'd his rash Defign, His glad Companions in th' Adventure join, 1991 That some well practis'd in the Russians Trade Shou'd bear Sopbinia from the filent Shade: The Mischief pleas'd, yet none propos'd the Way. Tho' short the Time and dang'rous the Delay: In still suspense the list ning Heroes stand, Till with rude Voice Miranthus thus began : A Castle has for many Centries stood.

- Within the Confines of the neigh bring Wood.
- Whose gloomy Arches seem dispos'd to hide
- 'Offended Subjects from a Tyrant's Pride.
- 'And often she has lent her hostile Towers.
- The guilty Refuge of rebellious Powers:
- Here let your Friends this peevish Girl convey.
- And keep her fecret from the Face of Day. Who A
- Those Doors with iron Eloquence shall plead
- 'Your mighty Passion to the scornful Maid:

' You

210 POEMS on Several Occasions.

- ' You have what my unready Thought defign'd,
- The hefty Dictates of a ruftick Mind, a day of the
- ' A Mind inur'd to Wats and rude Alarms, and and
- ' Unskill'd in Love and Beauty's fofter Charms : He ceas'd - Applause was seen in ev'ry Eye, And Peals of Laughter tent the troubl'd Sky; Two favirite Heroes fingl'd from the Crew, With hoffile Feet that facred Path purfue; Whose winding Maze betray'd the smiling Bower, That held Sophinia in a baneful Hour and held The heedless Virgin on a Bank they found, Where the faint Primrofe spreads her Odours round, And nodding Poppies feem'd to kifs the Ground, With frighted Eyes the trembling fair One fees Their furly Figures through the parting Trees; But yet the rofe collected in her Fear de beball "Twas vain to call and no Affiftance near Then from the Ground the rais'd her beauteous Here let your Friends this pecyfile (Sid coests)

And weeping turn'd them on the pitying Skies: Affift me Heaven and heavenly Pow'r, the cries.

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You Saints that hover round delethal Springs and the O take and wrap me in your facted Wings, and the A I fee black Violence come frowning on; quantity of But may Lycander mourn the dear-bought Wrong; I Ah hear, Sophinia, in this fearful Hour, Quantity of And fave, O fave me from a Villain's Powering

But now a Slave whom Beauty ne'er could charm, Drew nigh and feiz'd her by the ivory Arm: Through untrod Paths they bore the struggling Maid To those rude Towers where Lycander stay d, A dismal Dwelling hid by waving Trees; wolled A So thick they fcarce admit the healthy Breeze, but A On whose black Walls condensing Vapours hung, Whose lofty Spires hardly knew the Sun : His Bearns ne'er enter'd here, but in the Room Perpetual Coldness and eternal Cloom : and write both Here the pleas'd Youth his charming Prey fecures, And round his Pris ner that the plated Doors Then left the Wirgin to herfelf, nor flay'd har and I To bear Represents from the injur'd Maid : nothing Fierce as he was he, like a Coward, flies below of T The Rage that sparked in her glowing Eyes; and no

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But

212 POEMS on Several Occasions.

But when he thought the dang'rous Storm was o'er. Again he fought those Eyes he fled before, but the Like some pale Wretch impatient for his Doom, His fearful Steps approach'd the hallow'd Room: For rifing Conscience now her Task began, And guilty Blushes through his Features ran: Unusual Horrors o'er his Passage hung, would At ev'ry Step the founding Portals rung: Before the Door he took a filent Stand, And the pale Taper trembl'd in his Hand: A hollow Voice Lycander feem'd to call, And Shadows danc'd along the gloomy Wall: His haughty Spirit was at this difmay'd, Lycander trembl'd, and was once afraid: Why beats my Heart, my coward Heart, he cries; And why this Mist before my dazzl'd Eyes? Sophinia's mine, and I will feize my Store, If thousand Spectres guard the awful Door: Then rushing in, the lovely Dame he found In fullen Posture and in Thought profound; The wonted Roses from her Cheeks were fled, On her fair Hand reclin'd her beauteous Head:

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With Flatt'ry first he tip'd his artful Tongue, And strove to palliate and excuse the Wrong: Let not Sophinia, with a Smile he cries, Think we have feiz'd her as a hostile Prize; The Fault we owe to this unconquer'd Flame, Love was the Aggressor and be his the blame: Trust not thy Reason to a haughty Guide, Nor call that Honour which is only Pride: Honour a pageant Mistress of the vain, The Virgin's Tyrant and the Hero's Chain; If sparkling Wealth can please thy brighter Eyes, The Mines of Perfia at thy Feet shall rise; And when thy Chariot marks the dusty Fields, Full thirty Slaves shall grace the shining Wheels: For thee the East shall yield her spicy Bowers, And fweeter Baths distil from weeping Flowers; Then smile my fair One and be timely wife; The Maid reply'd, and roll'd her scornful Eyes. Hence, fawning Traitor, why wouldst thou be told, How much I hate thy Person and thy Gold? Mistaken Nature with too nice a Care, In vain has shap'd thee in a Mold so fair: Vice

With

9;

POEMS on Several Occasions 214

Vice will be Vice howe'er 'tis polish'd o'er, ... Thou Villain, dare to meet my Eyes no more.

Those gloomy Birds that love the midnight Air, And hover round the Mansions of Despair; When to their Shrieks the hollow Roofs rebound, And the hoarse Raven aids the dreadful Sound : Tho' howling Wolves shou'd with their Voices join, Are less offensive to my Ears than thine: Beyond my Hate, if yet a Thought remain, To make thy Spirit curfe the galling Chain; If with those Thorns that Love's soft Empire bounds, Successful Rivals give the deepest Wounds: I love thy Brother, and, if that can be, With Paffion equal to my Hate for thee. She faid - And Rage possest Lycander's Soul, His pale Lips tremble and his Eye-balls roll: Three times he rais'd a Dagger to her Breaft. But mighty Love his daring Hand suppress'd And now shrill Cries invade his wond'ring Ears. The noise of Battle and the clash of Spears; Starting he turn'd, nor staid to make reply, Tho' Fury sparkl'd in his threat'ning Eye:

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To Arms his Friends in mingled Voices call. And Danger hover'd o'er the frowning Wall. To you rade Tow'rs I mile the falling Sound;

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In that fad Hour, when the frighted Maid Was drawn by Villains from the mourning Shade, Polyphon to th' appointed Forest came; He reach'd the Bower, but he mis'd the Dame; Through balmy Paths with infant Roses bound, Where blufhing Daifies strew the painted Ground; He rov'd, impatient of the Nymph's Delay, both And often doubted to return or flay: By change he turn'd his mournful Eye, and fees His Friend Acanthus through the parting Trees: The Youth drew nearer with an eager Page Amazement hover'd on his boding Face; av along And thus impatient to Pobphon faid for sing aid? Where is Sophinia, where thy darling Weidev aid T This Evining reftlefs, tho I know not why, and When fetting Phebus flain'd the western Sky: To these sweet Shades I took my headless Way, To there the Fragrance of declining Day ? mineral

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POEMS on Several Occasions.

Alone and penfive as I wander'd here, and and o'll A Woman's Voice furpris'd my lift'ning Ear; To you rude Tow'rs I trac'd the finking Sound, Till the still'd Out-cries were in distance drown'd: What think you now? I fear fome threat'ning Ill From headstrong Paffion and imperious Will: I fear Sophinia and yourfelf betray'd, I know your Brother loves the beauteous Maid; Then hear my Vow, the frantick Lover cries, And turn'd his Eye-balls on the glimm'ring Skies ; Hear me, ye Pow'rs whose sacred Hands sustain These Worlds of Nature in a mighty Chain; If my fierce Brother has prefum'd to bear, And from her Bowers force my injur'd Fair. These wakeful Eye-lids shall no more be clos'd: This Spirit rested, nor these Limbs repos'd; This vengeful Rapier shall be sheath'd no more, Till the rude Traitor shall his Prize restore: He faid, and raging left the gloomy Shade, Full of Refentment for his injur'd Maid: Acanthus fummon'd to a neighb'ring Plain Their Friends a little, but a martial Train; erolA.

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Twice twenty Youths their Gen'ral's Voice attend, And share the Quarrel of their injur'd Friend. Polyphon pleas'd to fee the affembl'd Pow'rs, Led his small Squadron to the hostile Towers: The frowning Portals well fecur'd they found. The gloomy Court with Centries guarded round; Who fpite of Reason and their Country's Laws, Were drawn to combat in a guilty Cause: The first of these Cyrenus, fair and young, Whose curling Locks below his Shoulders hung, Too rashly bold encounter'd hand to hand. Fierce Polyarchus of Polyphon's Band : The pointed Jav'lin sped beneath his Chin, And streaming Purple stain'd his beauteous Skin: His very Cheeks are wash'd with deeper Dyes, And lafting Slumber feals his fwimming Eyes: This piteous Sight enrag'd the vicious Train, But mostly Iphis Brother of the slain; Revenge, he cry'd, and hurl'd his deathful Dart : It his'd along, but mis'd the Hero's Heart, Despairing, raging, on the Youth he flew, While down his Forehead roll'd the fultry Dew: Blows

Blows answer Blows, and round their Temples fing The glanding Weapons, and the Bucklers ring : bank Aloof they fight, or now in Circles wheel'd, Each thought to conquer; both diffain to yield, bod Till Polyarchus with a fide-way Blow Transpierc'd the Liver of his heedless Foe months and He drew the Weapon from his tortur'd Side, od W The gaping Wound difforg d a purple Tide : A STOWN His Eyes turn'd upward with a ghaftly Roll, him of I Headlong he fell and fob'd away his Soul : 10 slow Now Joy transported the victorious Throng, With Polyarchus all the Welkin rung: Applause and Clamour shook the trembling Ground, Lycander heard and curs'd the hated Sound : " bnA Griev'd for his Friend he with the foremost pres'd, And all their Lances glitter round his Breaft :. " But the strong Shield their Points at distance holds, Where two fair Eagles Ipread their Wings in Gold; A weighty Spear his better Hand supplies, And livid Light nings sparkle in his Eyes. Vinario first sustain'd the Warrior's Rage. The beauteous Darling of his Father's Age; His

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His tender Arm the deadly Spear arrests, not non agold And tore his Shoulder from his ivory Breast : with more Too late his Friends to his Affiftance run, and almil A For his black Eyes no more behold the Sun. VANI Miranthus next did his bright Lance extend, avail A bluft'ring Soldier and Lycander's Friend: Him Merias met, old Meriander's Heir, The youthful Husband of Lycofie fair; bus slogl sHI New born untimely from his Father's Side, miles od T His smiling Fortunes and his lovely Bride: lust at his Hip the Steel an Entrance found, boogl ad T and tore his Bowels with a ghaftly Wound in nwo I Back fell the Youth, his tinkling Arms reply; Loud Shricks and Clamours rend the frighted Sky: Polyphon now with deadly Anguish stung, His ready Jav'lin at the Victor Aung and on the The erring Weapon with a whiftling Sound puol bank New o'er his Head, and plough'd the distant Ground of Enrag'd to see the bloodless Point deseend, And miss the Vengeance for his bleeding Friend; his thining Eyes that did with Fury glow, He turn'd, and thus defy'd the stronger Foe: Hope His soundful

Hope not for Conquest, mighty Clown, he cries, From thy stern Visage and gigantick Size: A little Arm, if Heav'n direct the Blow, May fend thee howling to the Shades below Slave, cries Mirantbus with a stormy Glare, Go, wash thy Face, and curl thy waving Hair, Thy coward Heart belies thy daring Tongue; He spoke and drove his weighty Spear along, The failing Mischief on the Buckler sung: Not so Polyphon sent his faithful Dart, The speedy Vengeance reach'd the Hero's Heart; Down fell the Khight, his clanging Arms rebound, And his proud Soul came rushing thro' the Wound. Lycander saw, but turn'd his Eyes away. Where in the Dust the mighty Soldier lay; Then like a Whirlwind rush'd the Youth along, And fought his Brother in the hoftile Throng: Polyphon's Spear his frantick Hand arrefts, And hurl'd the Weapon at its Owner's Breaft; The missive Death deceiv'd his bloody Hand, Its thirsty Point lay shiver'd in the Sand:

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Suspence and Horror held the martial Crew, or one? And the fick Moon receiv'd a paler Hue: The Stars retir'd from the hated Sight, And wrap'd their Glories in the Clouds of Night. A Polyphon cry'd, O ftay thy hostile Arm, The Name of Brother wears a potent Charm: Our Mother did in Youth's fair Bloom expire, And left us Infants to our tender Sire; & blad baA And till Sophinia blew this deadly Flame, Dall all Our Fears were equal and our Hopes the fame; The fame our Pleafures and the like our Woes; We flept together and as fondly rofe, Then let, O let not murd'rous Rage divide 1 don't Our Hearts, but lay those threat'ning Arms afide : 9 Let ranc'rous Hate possess our Souls no more, on sull Thou to her Friends the beauteous Maid restore; 3 Then let her Voice our rival Cause decide, And him the favours wed the smiling Bride: Manager He faid; but Rage had stop'd Lycander's Ears; Base Slave, he cry'd, thou Child of puny Fears, Not Laon's Son thy Soul disclaim her Race, and and My Mother ne'er produc'd a Thing so base,

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Potent on feveral Occapions 222

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Some fairy Elf dritreach tous Nurse beguil'd sonsque My fleeping Patents of their lawful Child and art but Then in his Place her dunghil Offspring laid, and out? And my young Brother to her Hut convey'd who had This was thy Mother coarfer than her Fate, melting And thou the Son of her plebeian Mate a small of T Here ceas'd the Youth; - for Actions spoke the rest, And hurl'd a Javilin at Palyphon's Break; an riel but His Shield received it with a fmart Rebound, Ilit in The miffive Weapon trembled on the Ground I wo Now hand to hand the rival Youths engage, met an'T Lycander burn'd with more than mortal Rages W Black Fury rolled in each relenties Eye, O tol tol T Both fought to conquer of refelted to die arresta no But now Lycander, the with Hete infpired, one to Then By fits was fainting and by fits respir'd: " of unit And 1 Polyphon's Sword a fatal Paffage found, and tol men's 8ome Beneath his Arm a deep and ghaftly Wound; Their Stagg'ring he drop'd and grafp'd the bloody Ground. Tho' Yet as he liv'd without a Groan he fell, Its nati Nor drew a Sigh, but only cry'd, 'Tis well: Back o

My Mother ne'er produc'd a Thing Io baic,

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Tis well, my Fury with my Life shall end lis wold Farewel, my Brother and at last my Friend of ola 9 By our dear Parent fee me quickly laid, and and morit Re thine the Conquest, thine the beauteous Maid A He paus'd, and then with feebler Accent cries. My Friends, Farewel, and clos'd his fwimming Eyes: The mourning Victor bending o'er the flain. Essay'd to raise him, but essay'd in vain: His failing Arms refign'd their feeble Hold. And Drops of Horror from his Temples roll'd: from each cold Cheek the blushing Beauty flies. And the Ground danc'd before his dazzl'd Eves: The weeping Youth, with friendly Force, divide The gentle Mourner from his Brother's Side; o said Then Friends and Foes united gather round, avising And lift the bleeding Body from the Ground : 170 some raise the drooping Head, and others press'd Their careful Arms around his manly Breaft; Tho' with black Duft and hoftile Crimfon flain'd," mative Fierceness still the Face retain'd; Back on his Shoulders fell his graceful Hair, and the grand Features wore a fcornful Air. buA

Now

224 Poems on Several Occasions.

Now all too late the rash Adventure blame, down as Pale Conquest sigh'd and loath'd her hated Name; From the black Tow'rs their solemn Steps return, and both the Victors and the Vanquish'd mourn.



The QUESTION.

Occasion'd by a serious Admonition.

I S Mirth a Crime? Instruct me you that know; Or shou'd these Eyes with Tears eternal flow: No (let ye Powers) let this Bosom find, Life's one grand Comfort a contented Mind: Preserve this Heart, and may it find no room For pale Despondence or unpleasing Gloom: Too well the Mischief and the Pangs we know Of doubtful Musing and prophetick Woe. But now these Evils for a Moment rest, And brighter Visions please the quiet Breast, Where sprightly Health its blessed Cordial pours, And chearful Thought deceives the gliding Hours.

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Then let me smile, and trifle while I may, be I Yet not from Virtue nor from Reason stray [A From hated Slander I wou'd keep my Tongue; My Heart from Envy, and from Guilt my Song: Nature's large Volume with Attention read, Its God acknowledge, and believe my Creed: Through Weakness, not Impiety, offend; But love my Parent, and esteem my Friend.

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If (like the most) my undistinguish'd Days
Deserve not much of Censure or of Praise:

If my still Life, like subterraneous Streams,
Glides unobserv'd, nor tainted by Extremes,
Nor dreadful Crime has stain'd its early Page,
To hoard up Terrors for resecting Age;
Let me enjoy the sweet Suspence of Woe,
When Heav'n strikes me, I shall own the Blow:
Till then let me include one simple Hour,
Like the pleas'd Infant o'er a painted Flow'r;
Idly 'tis true: But guiltlesly the Time
Is spent in trisling with a harmless Rhyme.

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PARMS ON Several Oceasions of

Heroick Virtue asks a noble Mind, and solver A Judgment frong, and Passions well refin'd and But if that Virtue's meafor'd by the Will, he will pury 'Tis furely fornething to abstain from Ill.

Wiseles large Volume with Attention read,

Things Wealoris, not Impiety, offend; The SACRIFICE

THE RESIDENCE SERVICE OF THE W. An Epistle to Celia.

F you, chear Celia, acannot bear, latter for state (The low Delights that others there is a life will If nothing with your Palate fit To a liverity and believe But Learning, Elequence, and Wit, O lathed not Why, you may fit alone (Liveen) 'Till you're devour'd with the Splace a voint with! But if Variety can pleafe! With humble Scenes and carelos Base p 191 uent hal If Smiles can banish Melancholy, and bearing of a mich Or Whimfy with its Parent Folly ; and a cost ally and If any Joy in these there be, a clime think on todeless. I dare invite you down to me. Mais Fi

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kryski Mobil You know these little Roots of mine amoly do and Are always secred to the Nine we bedoed and four I This Day we make a Sacrifice and a solo in the Solo of the Parnassan Detries of the Young the Young the Parnassan Detries of the Young t

228 POEMS on feveral Occasions.

And by fome unpolluted Fair word word to It must be scorch'd with wond rous Care: So far 'tis done: And now behold class by yall and The facred Veffels --- not of Gold Of polish'd Earth must they be form'd, and foul w With Painting curiously adorn'd, white My was of These Rites are past: And now must follow The grand Libation to Apollo, de guid ever find A Of Juices drawn from magick Weeds, and I have the For Flow'r of Milk the Priestess calls Her Voice re-echoes from the Walls; avvige V With hers the fifter Voices blendalling and high A And with the od rous Steam afcend :uox rouses and Each fair One nowa Sibyl grows, bus challand add And ev'ry Cheek with Ardonr glows, at acrost and W And (the' not quite beside their Wits) at an Winsold Are feiz'd with deep prophetick Fits, sta V ni ou tull Some by mysterious Figures show u does mot say That Celia loves a shallow Beau; beau; beau And some by Signs and Hints declare, Din want That Damon will not wed Ziphair:

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Their Neighbours Fortunes each can tell,
So potent is the mighty Spell.

This is the Feast and this, my Friend,
Are you commanded to attend:
Yes at your Peril: But adieu,
I've tir'd both myself and you.

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The Power of BEAUTY.

O GODDESS of eternal Smiles, on seal of the Bright Cythera the fair, and not made in the Who taught Sabina's pleasing Wiles, in the of By which the won Bellair.

Bellair, the witty and the vain, his wind and William drive Who laugh'd at Beauty's Pow'r; gainean and But now the conquer'd humble Swain and had a Adores a painted Flow'r.

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Their Neighbours Fortunes each can tell, cor yet back

With Delia's Art my Song inspire,

Whose Lips of rosy Hue

Can ne'er the partial Avin this and this are in a commended to attend the partial Avin attend to attend to a commended to attend to a commended to attend to a court of the co

Tho' Claudia's Wit and Senie refin d,

Flows easy from her Tongue;

Her Soul but coarly is enthrin d,

So Claudia's in the wrong.

YTUATH TO RIVOT SAT

Hark, Delia speaks — that blooming Fair,
See Crowds are gathering round and O

With open Mouths: and which the thight of W

By which the won Bellair.

See Lelia with a Judgment clear,

With manly Wildow blet has this on the will

That Dance will not wed

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Wit, Learning, Prudence, all appears dgust on W".

In that unruffled Bresh and b rangings only went to a

Adores a painted Flow'r.

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But yet no Beau for Lelia dies, In A Property del 20 No Sonnets pave her way; Say, Muse, from whence these Evils rise, Why Lelia's Teeth decay mon MAHY

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Then, why do rev'rend Sages rail Indone time Time At Woman's wanton Prido? podol/ la nog no If Wisdom, Wit, and Prudence fail adultive, aww Let meaner Arts be try'd. - Libio halel ablaid o'T

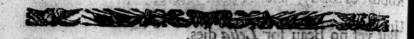
With Thoms and Thildles often gaid their Toil; Those Arts to please are only meant; in one cred W But with an angry Frown, effacing I guidher bal The Queen of Wisdom lately sent work and and and This Proclamation down in and ourself of addition

The eldeft Youth for Husbandiry renown'd. fr

Minerva, with the azure Eyes, And thus the Statute runs, If you wou'd have your Daughters wife, He Temples tamile'd by the mid-day Sun,

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Sonnets pay to HT A & C adT.

WHEN from the Shade of Eden's blifsful Bow'rs,

Our gen'ral Mother (who too foon rebell'd,)
Was, with the Partner of her Crime, expell'd
To Fields less fruitful — where the rugged Soil
With Thorns and Thistles often paid their Toil;
Where the pale Flow'rs foon lost their chearful Hue,
And rushing Tempests o'er the Mountains flew:
Two Sons the Matron in her Exile bore,
Unlike in Feature but their Natures more;
The eldest Youth for Husbandry renown'd,
Tore up the Surface of the steril Ground;
His nervous Arms for rugged Tasks were form'd;
His Cheek but seldom with a Smile adorn'd;
Drops rais'd by Labour down his Temples run,
His Temples tarnish'd by the mid-day Sun,

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Not so his Brother, east in fairer Mold and ned T Was he — and softer than his sleepy Fold; how all I Fair were his Cheeks that blush'd with rosy Dyo, all I Peace dwelt for ever in his chearful Eye, pailing all I Nor Guilt, nor Rage his gentle Spirit knew; all all I Sweet were his Slumbers, for his Cares were few; all I Those were to feed and watch the tender Lamb, at A And seek fresh Pasture for its bleating Dam, had not had seek the Vales where limpid Rivers glide. And seek the Vales where limpid Rivers glide.

Twas ere rude Hands had reap'd the waving Grain, I When Plenty triumph'd on the fertile Plain, held but That to the Centre of a pleasant Down, and book along Where half was Pasture, half a pleaseous Brown of A These Youths repair'd both emulous of Fame, half and rais'd an Altar to Jebovah's Name, bound but With Heart elate and self-presuming Eye, First to the Pile unhappy Cain drew nigh.

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234 Pos Ms on feveral Octafions.

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Choice was his Off ring, yet no Sign appear d, Judon No Flame was feen, nor Voice celettial heard wind Aftonish'd stood the late presumptuous Man, Then came his Brother with a trembling Lamba His God accepts the Sacrifice fincered bas -- ad asW. The Flames propitions round the Stain appear was The curling Smoke afcended to the Skies lowin sola! This Cain beheld, and roll'd his glowing Eves 2011 Stung to the Soul, he with his frantick Hand 199w? A Stone up-rooted from the yielding Band, "W slodT Nor spoke for Rige had Rop'd his failing Pongue, The heavy Death imperuous whirld along ! This Abel met - his Heart receive the Wound bad Amaz'd he fell, and grasp'd the bloody Ground. The gentle Spirit spring to endless Day, 200 akwill And left behind her Cate of beauteous Clay I non'V Pale food the Brother to a Statue chill d, 1 or tall A confeiens Herror through his Bosom thail'd. His frighted Byes abhon'd the Beams of Light, And long'd to find a never-ceating Wighten b'eist bak With Heart clase and felf-prefuning Eye,

b'sold the Pile unhappy Con drew nigh.

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Shock'd at the Sight of Murder first begun: nod' Downsthin steep Heaven roll'd the radiant Sun, and a Old Night assuming her appointed Sway, or ton and Stretch'd her black Mantle over the Face of Day; dw Now for their Leader motion'd the bleating Lamber That rov'd neglected by their pensive Dams; to and I They call — the Woods roll back assisting ty Shundan and we would find a point of the bleating to an I

Within a Forest schitcary Glocine, 18 st. shoot yest.

Slept gentle Abd in a forest Touth, with your node to And there (beneath a Cyprest Shade reclin'd) he had Cain breath'd his Sotroise to the rushing Winds a star That in the Branches made a doleful Sound; and off Twas Silence elfo, and horsist Darkness round, it of Twas Silence elfo, and horsist Darkness round, it of When lo! a sudden and a piercing Ray and of sall A O'er-spread the Forest with a Blaze of Day, so this And then descended on the hallow'd Ground, then A Seraph with empyreal Glory crown'd: has been bad Gaz'd on the Vision with distracted Eye:

When

236 Poems on Several Occasions.

When thus the Angel - Why these mournful Cries These loud Complaints that pierce the nightly Skies Lye not to Heaven, but directly fay, much the bill Where roves thy Brother, where does Abel stray. He faid - and thus the guilty Wretchireturn'd wol O facred Guardian, b for Abel mourn de b von 186 T I ne'er beheld him fince the Day began, I be in off But why this Vifit to a fimple Man ? of - 115 voll Thus the Celestial - Wretch, canst thou presume, Thy Brother's Blood may flumber in its Tomb : W Or thou may'ft ward off Vengeance with a Lye, and And date attempt deceiving God most high; in but But now thy Doom, O wretched Mortal hear The fleeting Hours nor the rolling Year, or at the To thee nor loy, nor chearful Ease that bring and Alike to thee the Winter and the Spring a ! of nor W Still vex'd with Woe, thy heavy Days shall fly 1-19'0 Beneath a radiant or a gloomy sky hissis dell but Curs'd shalt thou be amidft thy vagrant Band and And curs'd the Labours of thy guilty Hand: He ceas'd - But Cain all proftrate on the Ground, Still in his Ears retain'd the dreadful Sound:

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At length he rose, and trembling thus began; This is too much - too much for mortal Man The mighty Debt, O let me quickly pay, And sweep me instant from the Beams of Day: The yet unborn, that I am curs'd, shall know, And all shall hate me to augment the Blow: Ev'n my own Sons, if fuch are giv'n to be The Death of Abel, shall revenge on me: Thus he to change the dreadful Sentence try'd, id to I Thus the feraphick Meffenger reply'd; wirest bar This Mark, O Cain, I fix upon thy Brow: And thus by Heav'n's mighty Monarch vow, or both Who sheds thy Blood, that Criminal shall be Curs'd - Sev'n times curs'd, and wretched more Then thee inserted inches increasing the United in the Control of Thus be that Mortal who shall tear the Rod in hind

Of scorehing Vengeance from the Hand of God;
That Man may learn to sear the King of Kings:
He said — and waving his immortal Wings,
That instant mingled with the starry Train,
And Darkness wrap'd the silent Shades again.

The wife has been been been and the second but A

PERCONAL SERVICE PROPERTY.

Job's Curse, and bis APPEAL.

Taken out of Job, Chap! 1, and xxxi. by od!

ET not that Day in circling Moments run, When first these Byes beheld the odious Sun! Let his gay Beams for lake the mounting Fields, and I And starting backward roll his starting Wheels; and T Let fulphurous Hall defeend in baneful Show'rs, And horrid Darkness mix the jumbling Hours of but Let trembling Mortals gaze in vain for Light, and Curs'd be the Day and doubly curs'd the Night: Thou my great Judge these Imprecations hear, And rend her Minutes from the rolling Year; To the fad Skies be every Star deny d While foorching Plagues on quivering Meteors ride, Let the black Air no melting Musick know, But ring with Horror and Complaints of Woe : Italia Through the grim Shade let grifly Terrors run, had And weeping Sorrows that abhor the Sun:

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Life

Let pale-ey'd Spectres burft their yawning Tombs. And dreadful Echos shake th' hideous Gloom; all The low'ring East pour down a lashing Storm Nor through her Gates admit th' ftruggling Morn: Let the dark Hours no lively breaking feey of salt toll Because they gave these ceaseless Tears to me, will old And theless the Preference with unwelcome felow: As others have alas lawby could not bandoold of E. Yeld my thort Being, and an Infant die? Why was a Mother's Care indulg'd to me a seem of And why supported on her friendly Knee? Why did I in her tender Bosom grow and and W A foster'd Subject of impending Wood and finen bak Did friendly Death my marble Limbs enchain, This bleeding Heart would know no finarting Pains Then lasting Sleep would seal my shaded Eyes, av and Where frozen Pride and conquer'd Vengeance lies 10 There weary Slaves forgotten Reft may find wor o'T' And injur'd Orphans leave their Tears behind; Tyrannick Rage midt in the Grave fubfide, Where starying Wretches find their Wants supplyd and! Thrice happy Rest, O why to me deny'd!

240 Por Ms on feveral Oceafion!

Who slight her Favours, and would court their Graves a said at a wood and a said would be said and would be said and would be said and sai

Death gliding by us, shews his grizly Charms;
But the coy Phantom mocks our reaching Arms:
He flies the Dungeons of intreating Woe,
And strikes the Prosp'rous with unwelcome Blow:
To blooming Youth his partial Arrows fly,
O'er wither'd Mendicants, that vainly try
To meet the fatal Shaft, and only wish to die.

When Darkness sits as Regent of the Skies,
And round my Bed redoubled Horrors rise,
Till Night grows hideous with my constant Cries;
My tortur'd Limbs with ceaseless Pangs are torn,
But yet I live to see returning Morn:
The piercing Sun thrusts in a spiteful Ray,
To wound my Eyelids with unwelcome Day.

Tyrannick Death, whom trembling Mortals flee,
The Prince of Ills to every Wretch but me,

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Plays with the Torments of my struggling Heart,
And o'er my Bosom shakes his ling'ring Dart.

O! sacred Judge, when will thy Wrath be done?

Why do I live to scare the wond'ring Sun?

Let not thy Mercy spare my wounded Clay,

But strike and sweep me from offensive Day.

My Heart is vexed with consuming Fears,

And nourish'd only with continual Tears;

Close at my Heels pursue a meagre Train has been offensive Pale-ey'd Confusion with dishivel'd Hair,

And wild Impatience leading on Despair.

Did I with Crimes profane my Days of Reft?

Did e'er Presumption swell my rising Breast?

Did guilty Flame my tainted Soul surprise?

Or Snares of Beauty catch my wand'ring Eyes?

If e'er Injustice swell'd my spreading Lands,

If e'er Oppression stain'd my guiltless Hands;

Then let my God his flaming Vengeance throw,

Renew my Plagues, and double every Woe.

Did I by Fraud now quidenned by the Ubid

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Did

242 POEMS on Several Occasions

Did e'er my Servants of their Lord complain?

Did humble Rhetorick ever plead in vain?

In vain to me did helples Widows cry?

Or at my Gate neglected Orphans lie?

No; their glad Eyes my plenteous Table knew,

And with my own the foster'd Infants grew.

Was e'er my Portals barr'd against the Poor?

Did not the Stranger bless my friendly Door?

Tho' cold and hungry in my Courts he mourn'd,

Joyful and full the smiling Wretch return'd.

esergle Confedence with the filling

had from the second set and the con-

When every Good obey'd my lordly Will,
Did I by Fraud my glitt'ring Coffers fill?
Did I by Fraud increase the tempting Store?
Or dote too fondly on the thining Ore?
Did reftless Envy in my Bosom roll?
Or lurking Malice blot my tainted Soul?
No — this fond Heart has bled for distant Woe,
And learn'd Compassion for a finking Foe,
Did e'er my Soul from its Creator run
To painted Idols, or the beaming Sun?

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Or to the Moon my wav'ring Senses yield, Harly When her pale Rays adorn'd the glist'ring Field?

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Or

Yet stay, presumptuous Wretch, nor urge too far
Thy doubtful Sentence at the dreadful Bar:
What melting Rhet'rick, or what potent Friend,
At Heav'n's Tribunal shall thy Cause defend?
Where smother'd Evils, hid from mortal Eye,
Mature and open to Omniscience lie.

COTTONIA PRODUCTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PRO

And each to Dold delved his modeling Hole,

A. Wilnia Shout the that him Halls entire :

The TALE of CUSHL

From II. Samuel, Chap, xviii, and labourel

HOW fares my Son? the trembling Monarch cry'd,

Why wouldst thou ask? afflicted Cush reply'd;
A Fate like his may all that hate thee feel,
Whose Blood, alas! has flain'd the guilty Steel.
He fell beneath the Hand of David's Friend,
But to my Story let my Lord attend.

R 2

When

244 Porms on feveral Occasions.

When the pale Morning shew'd her languid Face. And the dim Sun began his usual Race; in 1911 in 1143 Whose fullen Orb receiv'd a crimson Dye, And Tempests hover'd in the frowning Sky, As the' the Heavens wept a Mortal's Fate. And Nature trembl'd at domestick Hate Within the Shade of Ephraim's dusky Wood, In just Array the meeting Armies stood: The frowning Hofts with equal Fury glow And each to Death defy'd his meeting Foe; All tender Thoughts were lost in horrid Rage, And with a Shout the charging Hofts engage: Then Clouds of Arrows hide the darken'd Sky, And hiffing Lances lighten as they fly: Dreadful the Sight and horrid was the Crv. Here groan'd a Steed that felt its smarting Wound, And there a Soldier pinion'd to the Ground: At length, proud Ifrael began to fail, Our juster Cause cou'd o'er their Strength prevail; The vanquish'd Army rais'd a fearful Cry, And thro' the Wood their mighty Numbers fly; and mad Scory ber mile I, and beld beld be

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There horrid Brambles tore their Wounds anew. And thousand Deaths their flying Heels pursue: Then rag'd our Gen'ral thro' the dreadful Gloom, Pale Terror hover'd on his waving Plume: From his known Spear the shricking Numbers run, And from his Fury fled your conquer'd Son; Grim Danger urg'd him on with fatal Speed, And thro' black Shades he lash'd the weary Steed: In the dark Center of this Forest stood A lofty Oak, which overlook'd the Wood. Thro' its thick Arms he ventur'd careless in. They springing caught him by the beauteous Chin; His curling Locks among the Branches flew; His Spirit fails him, and his Foes purfue; Around in vain he cast a mournful Eye, And wish'd a Friend; for none, alas! was nigh: But hostile Shouts invade his frighted Ears. And foon beneath him shone a Grove of Spears: Now, Traitor, fall - our mighty Leader cries : (While glowing Vengeance sparkl'd in his Eyes) Then step'd a Captain of the loyal Band, And vainly strove to stay his fatal Hand.

R 3

That

246 POEMS on Several Occasions,

That cruel Arm impell'd the flying Dart,
And the keen Weapon funk within his Heart:
Then those fair Cheeks resign'd their rosy Dye,
Yet Life a Moment struggl'd in his Eye;
As from so fair a Mansion loth to fly,
Till the red Torrent stain'd his throbbing Tide;
Then with a Groan the beauteous Rebel dy'd.

Hold, — "frop thy Story," — cries the weeping King,

Thy horrid Tale has left a mortal Sting;
My Soul tho' practis'd in the Paths of Woe,
Grows fick and staggers at this mighty Blow:
From its cold Fountain Life forgets to run;
Oh Absalom — Oh Absalom, my Son,
Eternal Shade has seal'd thy chearful Eyes;
And on the Ground thy breathless Beauty lies:
Curst be the Hand that all my Hopes beguil'd,
And left a Parent to lament his Child:
Without a Tear let none his Story tell,
But curse the Forest where my Darling sell:

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While these wan Eyes with lasting Sorrows run, Loft to the World, and Strangers to the Sun; Let milder Songs attend his poon-tide Ray, For mine will best become the closing Day. While round my Lyre afflicted Fathers throng, And Orphans liften to the mournful Song.

To Earth be notice where he quickly found, KAT GERNEST STAN

PROSERPINES RAGOUT.

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S once grave Pluto drove his royal Wheels, O'er the large Confines of the Stygian Fields: With kingly Port he fat, and by his Side, Rode his fair Captive, now his awful Bride; But from the Lakes a fulph rous Mist invades; And strikes the fainting Empress of the Shades The trembling Queen is felz'd with fickly Yawns, With griping Colicks and with feverith Qualms. Back to the Palace was the general Cry, in I and W Before the Lash her fable Courses fly: hogow on I There refts the Dame, and fought her Royal Bed. Where the fost Pillows rais'd her drooping Head :

R 4

Restoring

248 PORMS on feweral Occasions.

Restoring Lenitives were sought in vain, To cool her Vitals and affwage her Pain. On nothing would the peevish Matron feed; Then uleful Mercury was call'd with speed, And fent on Earth some curious Dish to frame, Of light Digeftion for the fickly Dame. To Earth he posted where he quickly found, Proper Ingredients on our fertile Ground; Here first he seiz'd as nonsubstantial Foods, The Courtiers Friendship and the Zeal of Prudes; The Sighs of Widowers, and blends with those The Vows of Lovers and the Brains of Beaux; The Mifer's Charity, the Drunkard's Cares; The Wealth of Poets, and the Tears of Heirs; Philander's Patience, when his Lord denies The Frowns of Celia, when her Heart complies: Then with a Breath along the Air he drives The Love of Husbands, and the Charms of Wives; Where Trifles dwell fagacious Hermes knew, The winged Youth to lordly Senates flew; From thence Debates and long Harangues to cull, And steep'd them softly in a Statesman's Skull,

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And now the frothy Dish began to seem, and to Manager Viand for his fickly Queen:

To crown the rest, he met by lucky Chance and The Wit of England, and the Truth of France.

HOROGER CONTROL

The CHARMS of ANTHONY.

Ye Winds, be calm, and brush with softer Wing;
We mean the Charms of Anthony to sing;
See all around the list ning Shepherds throng;
O help, ye Sisters of immortal Song.

Luc v.

Sing, Phebe, fing what Shepherd rules the Plain, Young Colin's Envy, and Aminda's Pain:
Whom none can rival when he mows the Field,
And to whose Flute the Nightingale must yield.

PHEBE.

'Tis Anthony - 'tis he deserves the Lay, all As mild as Ev'ning, and as Morning gay;

Ind

HAY.

Not

230 POEMS on Several Occasions.

Not the fresh Blooms on yonder Codling-tree,

Nor the white Hawthorn half so fair as he;

Nor the young Daily dress d in Morning Dew;

Nor the Pea Blosson wears a brighter Hue.

Luc Y.

None knows like him to strew the wheaten Grain, Or drive the Plough-share o'er the sertile Plain; To raise the Sheaves, or reap the waving Corn, Or mow brown Stubble in the early Morn.

PHEBE.

How mild the Youth, when on a fultry Day
In yonder Vale we turn d the fragrant Hay:
How on his Voice the lift ning Shepherds hung,
Not tuneful Stella half to fweetly fung.

Lucy.

Whether he binds the Sheaf in twifted Band,
Or turns the Pitch-fork on his nimble Hand;
He's fure to win a Glance from ev'ry Eye,
While clumfy Colin stands neglected by.

PHEBE.

His curling Locks by far more lovely thew, Than the white Wig on Squire Fopling's Brow !

And Wea The Whie

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Me Each 1 He too Reach

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And when the Shepherd on a rainy Day,
Weaves for his Hat a Wisp of flow'ry Hay,
The scarlet Feather not so gay appears,
Which on his Crown Sir Ambrose Fine wears,

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For Anthony Meriab leaves her Cow,
And stands to gape at him upon the Mow:
While he (for who but must that Wench despite?)
Throws Straws and Cobwebs on her staring Eyes.

P H E B E.

To the Back-door I faw proud Lydia hie,
To fee the Team with Anthony go by;
He slily laugh'd, and turn'd him from the Door,
Ithought the Damfel would have spoke no more.

Lucy.

Me once he met, 'twas when from yonder Vale,

Each Morn I brought the heavy milking Pail:

He took it from my Head, and with a Smile

Reach'd out his Hand, and help'd me o'er the Stile.

PREBENTING TO SE DOA

As I was dancing late amongst the Crew,

A yellow Pippin o'er my Head he threw:

Sue

232 Posms on feveral Occasions.

Sue bit her Lips, and Barbaretta frown'd;
And Phillis look'd as the the wou'd have fwoon'd.

it got to government and a control of

Thus fung the Maids till Colinet came by,
And Rodrigo from weeding of the Rye;
Each took his Lass, and sped em to the Town,
To drink cool Cider at the Hare and Hound:
The Damsels simper like the sparkling Beer,
And Colin shines till Anthony is near.

THE STRUCTURE TOURS OF THE

On the Death of a justly admir'd AUTHOR.

WHEN pale-ey'd Winter rules the mourning Fields,

And shiv'ring Nature to his Sceptre yields,
Dejected Earth is strip'd of all her Pride,
And sculking Flowers in her Bosom hide;
Through naked Groves afflicted Warblers fly,
And Storms of Hail come rattling through the Sky:
But when soft April lifts her downy Wing,
And calls the blushing Infants of the Spring,

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The verdant Groves their wonted Charms regain, a III And laughing Nature paints the gaudy Plain; and bath Sweet-scented Vi'lets take their usual Blue, a yould And the fair Primrose drinks the Morning Dew; and Again revive their Beauty and their Smell, and their Smell, But Man once blasted takes a long Farewel, and a Departed Sylvius shall return no more and shall be No Charms of Verse can win the heavinly Mind, I A Back to the slighted Case she left behind;

Not the each Line should make our Bosoms glow, Like his grand Numbers, and as sweetly flow.

His Name shall last to warm a distant Age,

Nor want th' Assistance of a Title-page;

For his bright Lines are by their Lustre known,

Ev'n Homer shines with Beauties not his own:

Unpolish'd Souls, like Codrus or like mine,

Fill'd with Ideas that but dimly shine,

Read o'er the Charms of his instructive Pen,

And taste of Raptures never known till then.

254 Posts on feedal Occasions.

Ill-nature liftentd, and approved the Song; And blushing Envy check'd her burning Tongue: Happy are those, the Grief their Hours attend, Whom once he honour'd with the Name of Friends Whose pleasing Thoughts at least thay ponder o'er The fmiling Days, that shall return no more: Ev'n we condemn'd at distance to admire. Bewail the Hopes that with our Guide expire: Ah! who shall now our ruffick Thoughts refine, And to grave Sense and folid Learning join Wit ever sparkling, and the Sweets of Rhyme? Farewel, ye Themes, which none but he can fing. And fylvan Scenes that wear eternal Spring: Fair Nymphs, that in his fairer Paintings glow. And ye smooth Lines that Sylvins taught to flow: But hush, sad Muse, thy dull Complaint give o'er: Hence figh in feeret, and his Loss deplore. Who ne'er, O ne'er, shall grace our Regious more. Senial Market State Village Control of the Control

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POBM's on feveral Occasions.

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POSSERBENCE CONTRACTOR

An E PITAPH.

OW triumph, Death, for here lies slain

More worth than Crowns can buy:

Celestial Zephyrs, wast her Soul

Back to its native Sky. The of shill, and word to

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Who now shall charm, where Flavia once will work

Her chearful Smiles befrow'd ? if aciquit clair bat

When pleasing Candor swell'd her Breast,

And in her Afpect glow'd : 2000 and in the

Now to that Heav'n, where Virtue thines

With an eternal Blaze,

Her lofty Soul has wing'd its Flight,

And left this earthly Maze.

So from the smiling Infant's Hand

We force the costly Gem,

Which he, not knowing how to prize,

To the for soon linear men rathery H. H.

Might to the Duft condemn.

HE CHARLES AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF

On WAITNITE R.

W HAT Pictures now thall wanton Fancy
bring? 1008 221 flaw (1940)

Or how the Muse to Artemisia sing?

Now this'ring Nature mourns her ravish'd Charms,

And finks supine in Winter's frozen Arms.

No gaudy Banks delight the ravish'd Eye, and many

But northern Breezes whiftle thro' the Sky.

No joyful Choirs hail the rifing Day,

But the froze Crystal wraps the leasless Spray:

Brown look the Meadows, that were late fo fine,

And cap'd with Ice the distant Mountains shine;

The filent Linnet views the gloomy Sky, it mon ?

Sculks to his Hawthorn, nor attempts to fly: W

Then heavy Clouds fend down the feather'd Snow;

Through naked Trees the hollow Tempests blow;

The Shepherd fighs, but not his Sighs prevail;

To the fost Snow succeeds the rushing Hail;

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And these white Prospects soon resign their room
To melting Showers or unpleasing Gloom;
The Nymphs and Swains their aking Fingers blow,
Shun the cold Rains and bless the kinder Snow;
While the faint Travellers around them see,
Here Seas of Mud and there a leastless Tree:
No budding Leaves nor Honeysuckles gay,
No yellow Crow-soots paint the dirty Way;
The Lark sits mournful as afraid to rise,
And the sad Finch his softer Song denies.

Poor daggled Urs'la stalks from Cow to Cow, Who to her Sighs return a mournful Low; While their full Udders her broad Hands assail, And her sharp Nose hangs dropping o'er the Pail. With Garments trickling like a shallow Spring, And his wet Locks all twisted in a String, Afflicted Cymon waddles through the Mire, And rails at Win'fred creeping o'er the Fire.

Say gentle Muses, say, is this a Time
To sport with Poesy and laugh in Rhyme;

ow;

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While

You think your Con

258 Poems on Several Occasions. 1

While the chill'd Blood, that hath forgot to glide,
Steals through its Channels in a lazy Tide:
And how can Phæbus, who the Muse refines,
Smooth the dull Numbers when he seldom shines.



MIRA tO OCTAVIA

AIR One, to you this Monitor I fend;

Octavia, pardon your officious Friend:

You think your Conduct merits only Praise,

But out-law'd Poets censure whom they please:

Thus we begin — your Servant has been told,

That you, (despising Settlements and Gold)

Determine Florio witty, young and gay,

To have and hold for ever and for ay;

And view that Person as your mortal Foe,

Who dares object against your charming Beau;

But now to furnish Metre for my Song,

Let us suppose Octavia may be wrong:

'Tis true, you're lovely; yet the learn'd aver,

That even Beauties like the rest may err.

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I know, to shun, you hold it as a Rule,

The arrant Coxcomb and the stupid Fool:

No such is Florio, he has Wit — 'tis true,

Enough, Octavia, to impose on you:

Yet such a Wit you'll, by Experience, find

Worse than a Fool that's complaisant and kind:

It only serves to gild his Vices o'er,

And teach his Malice how to wound the more.

I need not tell you, most ingenious Fair,
That hungry Mortals are not sed with Air,
But solid Food: And this voracious Clay
Asks Drink and Victuals more than once a Day:
Now cou'd your Florio by his Wit inspire
The childy Hearth, to blaze with lasting Fire:
Or when his Children round the Table throng,
By an Allusion or a sprightly Song,
Adorn the Board, i'th' twinkling of an Eye,
With a hot Pasty or a Warden Pye,
There might be Reason on Octavia's Side,
And nova Sage cou'd blame the prudent Bride.

Land beright hereself of the best files

260 POEMS on Several Occasions.

Yet (or some Authors often deal in Lies) Lovers may live on Nuts and Blackberries; For roving Knights bewilder'd in their way, Who in black Forests half a Season stray; Unless they find Provision on the Trees, W. and J. T. Must sup on Grass and breakfast on the Breeze. But as you've long been us'd to nicer Fare, Your Constitution wou'd but hardly bear Such Food as this: And therefore I advise That you'd confider (for you're mighty wife) If fober Dufterandus wou'd not make A better Husband than your darling Rake, Grave Dusterandus: He whose stedfast Mind Is yet untainted, tho' not much refin'd; Whose Soul ne'er roves beyond his native Fields; Nor asks for Joys but what his Pasture yields; On Life's dull Cares with Patience can attend, A gentle Master and a constant Friend; Who in foft Quiet spends the guiltless Days, His Servants bleffing and his Neighbours praise: Say, would you, in his happy Mansion, reign, Toast of the Village and the rural Plain? 251

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And

With honest Friends your chearful Days beguile,
While Peace and Plenty on your Table smile:
Or cold and hungry writhe your tired Jaws,
And dine with Florio upon Hips and Haws,
In troth I think there's little room to pause.

And Nature weeps on univerfal West.

In spite of all romantick Poets sing;
This Gold, my Dearest, is an useful thing:
Not that I'd have you hoard the precious Store,
For not a Wretch is like the Miser poor:
Enjoy your Fortune with a chearful Mind,
And let the Blessing spread amongst the Kind:
But if there's none but Florio that will do,
Write Ballads both, and you may thrive—Adieu.

The SETTING SUN.

TO SILVIA.

SEE, Silvia, see the sparkling Lamp of Day; From our fond Eyes he draws the trembling Ray: The curling Clouds pursue his short'ning Beams, And catch new Colours from the parting Gleams:

S 3

From

262 POBMS on Several Occasions.

From marshy Vales unhealthy Fogs arise,
And gloomy Vapours fill the mourning Skies.
A creeping Mist o'erspreads the filent Field,
And drooping Flow'rs their Ev'ning Incense yield.
On ev'ry Leaf the pearly Drops appear,
And Nature weeps an universal Tear.

So will it be when those fair Suns of thine,
By Fate eclips'd, their chearful Beams resign:
When the just Heav'ns remand their beauteous Store,
And Silvia's Eyes must chear the World no more:
Death may forbid those dazzling Orbs to roll,
But cannot strip the Radiance from thy Soul.
Amid the Stars, in spite of Fate or Time,
The Charms of Silvia shall eternal shine.



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That weeps a fieldy Down

A Heart to Mercy as to Zeal inclin'd,
As well a gentle as a prudent Mind;
Still free to pardon, cautions to offend
A tender Parent and a faithful Friend.
All Parts performed, the willingly withdrew,
Turn'd from the World, and bid her Friends adieu.
Ah thou! (if Spirits or regard or know
The Sigh of Friendship of a Daughter's Woe)
Mix'd with those Tears that wash the facred Shrine,
Accept the Tribute of a grateful Line.

CONCORPREDICATION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPE

On S I C K N E S S.

The angry Shaft to throw, the angry Shaft to throw, the angry Shaft to throw the state of the st

264 POEMS on Several Occasions.

Cold Tremors shake each fainting Limb,
That weeps a sickly Dew;
The Features, chang'd to pale and dim,
Resign their chearful Hue.

No more foft Eloquence shall flow,

Nor dress the filent Tongue;

But the dull Heart refuse to glow,

Tho' charm'd by melting Song.

As well a condo as a trudent Mind ;

At though to white by I would be

Those laughing Eyes, that lately shone
So sprightly and so gay,
Sunk down with Sickness, faint and wan,
Decline the piercing Day.

And scarcely bear a chearful Beam,
To light the drooping Soul;
While round the weak afflicted Brain HH
Romantick Vapours roll.

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Deceitful Earth and all its Joys and and all its Joys

And while we vainly mourn,
He pointing shews th'unmeasur'd Deep,
From whence we ne'er return.

There the grim Spectre, with a Smile,

His panting Victim fees:

Who fain wou'd linger here a while,

To fwallow naufeous Lees.

Who Death's great Empire wou'd dispute,
And hugs the gilded Pill,
Not knowing That his faithful Mute,
Whose Business is to kill.

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The loft, the slipp ry Hold to fave,

To lenient Arts we run;

They cast us headlong on the Wave,

And we are twice undone.

The Pow'r who stamp'd the reas'ning Mind,

Its Partner can restore;

There we a lasting Cordial find,

And learn to sigh no more.

But if the flow-confuming III
Shou'd lead us to the Grave,
Our Faith perfuades us that he will
The trembling Spirit fave.

O thou, whose Bounty all things taste,
Whose Anger none can bear;
Revive the melancholy Breast,
Nor let the Wretch despair.

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in May bear to close it is being at

To a Gentleman with a Manuscript Play.

S fome grave Matron bred on rural Downs, Who at the mention of a Top-knot frowns, And the proud Minxes of the Market-Towns; Whose humble Senses are not much refin'd, But us'd to Labour with a chearful Mind; Clad in plain Coifs and Gown of ruffet Hue, With home-spun Aprons of a decent Blue; From the white Curds extracts the greener Whey, Nor dreams of Fashion, Poetry, or Play: From wicked Verse she turns her cautious Eyes And wonders People can delight in Lies: At length her Landlord, the right noble Squire, Takes her young Daughter at her own Defire Prefers the Damfel to attend his Spoule, And she with Joy refigns her brindl'd Cows For London now prepares the smiling Dame, While her fad Mother trembles at the Name:

But

268 POEMS on Several Occasions.

But O! what Griefs attend the parting Leave,
No Muse can paint 'em, nor no Heart conceive:
In vain her Spouse or friendly Neighbour tries,
To quell the Sorrows in her streaming Eyes:
Rossell she sears will slight her Jersey Gown,
And wear white Aprons in the sinful Town;
On the pure Ghost of Win' fred then she calls,
To guard her Child within its guilty Walls.

So this rude Babe I to your Mercy yield,
Rough as the Soil of some untillag'd Field:
Can Nature please? — Not 'till she's well refin'd,
Reforming Art shou'd follow close behind;
But that proud Dame with me disdains to dwell,
And far she slies — Ah far from Mira's Cell.
What then remains? What Hope for me or mine,
But the kind Silence of forgetful Time?
To save us from the sly buffooning Leer,
The spiteful Grimace, and the scornful Sneer;
The threat'ning Critic with his dreadful Rules,
The Wit's keen Satire and the Burst of Fools.

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The wretched Villain pinion'd up on high,

Two Hours pendent 'twixt the Earth and Sky,

With Eggs and Turnips whirling round his Pate,

Is but an Emblem of an Author's Fate.

A dread Example to the rhyming Fry,

So Poets tell me, but I hope they lye:

The World's good-natur'd, if it is not cross'd,

But Wits are often saucy to their Cost.

Tho' unaffur'd, yet not in deep Despair,
Itrust this Infant to its Patron's Care:
Ah let your Roofs the simple Vagrants shield,
Iask no more than Charity may yield,
Some little Corner in the friendly Dome,
(Lest the loose Varlet be induc'd to roam)
Where the cold Storms may hover round in vain,
The chilling Snow or penetrating Rain;
Where the fierce Rat (all dreadful) never climbs,
Nor the sleek Mouse sad Foe to Mira's Rhymes.

But I have done — for who implores a Friend With long Petitions, justly may offend:

270 PORMS on Several Occasions.

To no strait Bounds Good-nature is confin'd;
And who shall dictate to a gen'rous Mind?
Which not content in narrow Space to roll,
Like the broad Ocean spreads from Pole to Pole:
While the glad Nations bless the ample Tide,
And wasted Treasures o'er its Surface glide:
That still waves on, regardless of their Praise,
As you perhaps of Mira's idle Lays.

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SILVIA and the BEE.

A S Silvia in her Garden stray'd, Where each officious Rose, To welcome the approaching Maid, With fairer Beauty glows.

Transported from their dewy Beds,

The new blown Lilies rise:

Gay Tulips wave their shining Heads,

To please her brighter Eyes.

A Bee that fought the fweetest Flow'r, The said of the fatal Bow'r, and the fatal Bow'r, and the said Bow'r, and the said Bow'r, and the said beautiful Bow'r and

He fearch'd the opining Buds with Care, and I And flew from Tree to Tree: and a subject of the I But Silvia (finding none fo fair)

Unwifely fix'd on thee.

Her Hand obedient to her Thought, were did not had the River did destroy; at a war believe and only and the stain Insect dearly bought of the stain in the Later and the L

But now too rash unthinking Maid,

Consider what you've done;

Perhaps you in the Dust have laid

A fair and hopeful Son.

272 POBMS on Several Occasions.

Or from his Friends and Senate wife

Have fwept a valu'd Peer;

Whose life, that you so lightly prize,

Was to his Country dear,

Then, Silvia, cease your Anger now, and bridged and To this your guiltless Foe; and man had And smooth again that gentle Brow, and the Where lasting Lilies blow, and bridged wall.

The Sun withdraws its Ray, and his now it and the That Nature trembles like his Heart, and man and And Storms eclipse the Day, well with the storms and the storms are storms.

Amintor swears a Morning Sun's sand the convention Less brilliant than your Eyes; and the rest to the convention And the his Tongue at random runs, and not read to You seldom think he lyes.

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While Grief and Shame

They tell you, those fost Lips may vie I and or neal?

With Pinks at opining Day; stody adamy A sal?

And yet you dew a fimple Fly," For proving what they fay it the field at they fay it is falled at they fay it is falled at they fay it is falled at they fay it is the fall of the fall of

Believe me, not a Bud like thee as saint I ve b'mung In this fair Garden blows; algues I down oor live

Then blame no more the erring Bee,

Who took you for the Rofe.

CHACK RECECCION TO THE TAKE PARTY.

Compos'd the Subliance of the engine

The CRUEL PARENT.

In a black Shade my wand'ring Self I found;

Where Oaks the fuls'd their kingly Heads on high,

And the plate of In. M. And And Anches liv:

WAS when the Sun had his swift Progress

And left his Empire to the Queen of Shade;
Bright Cynthia too, with her refulgent Train,
Shot their pale Lustre o'er the dewy Plain:
Sat lonely Mira with her Head reclin'd,

And mourn'd the Sorrows of her helpless Kind:

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Then

274 POEMS on Several Occasions.

Then to her Fancy Celia's Woes appear,
The Nymph, whose Tale deserves a pitying Tear;
Whose early Beauties met a swift Decay;
A Rose that faded at the rising Day,
While Grief and Shame oppress'd her tender Age,
Pursu'd by Famine and a Father's Rage;
Till too much Thought the aking Heart oppress'd.
And Mira's Eye-lids clos'd in silent Rest:
Then active Fancy, with her airy Train,
Compos'd the Substance of the ensuing Dream.

In a black Shade my wand'ring Self I found,
A Wood encircl'd by a thorny Bound;
Where Oaks up-rais'd their kingly Heads on high,
And the pleas'd Linnets thro' the Branches fly:
There lofty Elms the wond'ring Skies invade,
And the dark Cypress cast a browner Shade:
Grave Laurels there the humbler Shrubs o'erlook;
There the pale Ash, and there the Poplar shook;
Here pliant Elder whom her Fruits adorn,
And the brown Hasel wove with shagged Thorn:

and mourn'd the Sorrows of her helplefs Kind:

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Rude Briers there their clasping Tendrels twine, Whose rugged Arms with useless Roses shine.

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Beyond the Confines of the dusky Brake,

A Plain was bounded with a putrid Lake,

Where Planks of Timber stretch'd on mould'ring

Beams,

Form'd a week Passage o'er the standing Streams

Form'd a weak Passage o'er the standing Streams, Whose slimy Waters to its Arches clung, Where wrap'd in Weeds the clodded Vermin hung,

On this brown Plain furrounded by the Wood,
And the green Lake — an aged Castle stood;
Whose iron Gates were strictly shut to all,
And frowning Rooss hung o'er the crumbling Wall:
Here perch'd Revenge and ever-wasting Care,
And Melancholy with dishivel'd Hair.
Before the Portals wait a grilly Band,
Fraud with a Pencil in her shaking Hand:
Long Scrolls of Parchment at her Feet were laid,
Behind her Shoulder stood her ghastly Maid:

T 2

Oppression

276 PORME on Several Occasions.

Oppression nam'd - and stretch'd her filthy Claw, And next pale Av'rice with infatiate Maw; Two cumbrous Bags his twining Arms infold, Of canker'd Silver and of ufeless Gold: Grimly he stands, and by his Side appears Fierce Cruelty, all drench'd in Orphans Tears; Within (attended by relentless Hate) Suspicion squinted through the berbarous Grate: To these rude Doors approach'd with bashful Mien, Soft Celia once the brightest of the Plain, But now the Roses from her Cheeks were flown, Nor cou'd the Fair One by her Charms be known; Those Charms are now in fable Weeds array'd, Her Arm supported by a mournful Maid; From her wan Eyes the Tears inceffant flow, And all her Form was Penitence and Woe.

But see Lysegus, her relentless Sire,
Whose Eye-balls sparks'd with dissainful Ire;
His potent Hand the sounding Locks obey,
With grating Noise the horrid Gates gave way:
Then prostrate at his Feet the Damsel lay.

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Three times to speak the lovely Mourner try'd; Thrice on her Lips the fainting Murmurs dy'd sign'T Sigh follows Sigh, and Tear fucceeds to Tear and Tear At length the cry'd - Ah! may Lylegus hear to bo A If Nature or if Penitence may fue is mall emol vell Ah! let my Sorrows find Relief from you, awan't The nightly Stars my constant Wailings know, H The rifing Sun is Witness to my Woe: 101 Won to 1 But who shall paint what wretched Celia feels, While Shame and Famine hunt her flying Heels: The Fools deride me, and the virtuous shun, Then to the Fields and lonely Shades I run , and Yet find no Comfort from the lonely Shade, SHE WILL At my Approach the Bloffoms feem to fade: I fly to Wilds unknown to human Kind, But cannot leave my hated Self behind; And am - Oh am I - by my Parent curs'd; Of all my Woes the deepest and the worst: She faid ____ Lyfegus answer'd in a Rage, bacH solo Hence vile Disturber of my luckles Age and and W Think not by Tears this stubborn Heart to win, Nor jar my Senses with thy hateful Din:

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278 POBMS on feveral Occasions.

Go learn of Vagrants (fit Companions) go,
Their Arts of Stealing and their Whine of Woe.
Yet when before the Gate of Pride you ftand,
And crave your Morfel at the Porter's Hand;
May fome ftern Slave prevent the coming Prize,
Thrown to the Dogs before thy longing Eyes:
He ceas d--- but Celia views no more the Sun,
For now her Sorrow with her Life was done:
Her Eyes no more afford their lucid Streams,
Nor the Pulfe struggles in her quiet Veins.

The Tyrant view d her with a ghaftly Look,
His Heart beat heavy, and his Sinews shook;
When lo a Spectre horrible to view,
Rose quick as Vapours of a Morning Dew;
Whose Presence cast unpleasing Darkness round,
A Cypress Wreath his saded Temples crown d:
Strange Forms were painted on his sable Robe,
One Hand extended bore a crystal Globe;
Where the pale Sinner might his Picture find,
Yet not his Features, but his darker Mind:

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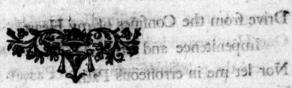
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In vain to shun the faithful Glass he tries, It plays unask'd before his aking Eyes: His quick left Hand with this perform'd its Part His Right was dreadful with a poison'd Dart: Then with a loud and horrid Voice he cry'd, Lyfegus, mourn thy Cruelty and Pride: From the fair Court of Equity I came, Call'd by thy Sins, and Confcience is my Name: This venom'd Dart shall now thy Entrails tear, And teach thy Eyes to know the melting Tear: Prepare thy Spirits for their Weight of Woe, With Celia's Name I arm the dreadful Blow : I stort W He faid and ftruck --- the visionary Dart Sought the dark Bottom of Lylegus' Heart : w b'aword He fell --- and falling rais'd a fearful Gry and diw Then Mira 'woke, and found the Morning Sky. But



With thoughtless thirts glide, arang

280's Posses on Jeveral Occasions.

le vain to fluin the faithful Gills he tries corrected

A REQUEST to the DIVINE BEING.

Then with a loud and horrid Voice he ew'd, and will

HOU great and facred Lord of all and more

Creator of nunumber'd Worlds, tantions I be money and Immensely glorious King.

means thy Spirits for their Meight of Woe,

Whose Image thakes the stagg ring Mind,
Beyond Conception high;

Crown'd with Omnipotence, and veil'd

With dark Eterming a baier guilled bus - 119

A Cyprolit Wrenth the in III.

concles organid

ben Mixa 'woke, and found the Morning Sky toll W

Drive from the Confines of my Heart,
Impenitence and Pride:
Nor let me in erroneous Paths
With thoughtless Idiots glide.

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Whate'er thy all-discerning Eye blow with north to A
Sees for thy Creature fit, doors you color o't

I'll bless the Good, and to the Hill of you concerned

Contentedly submit. Sugar too see to bak

V.

With humane Pleasure let me view and the great county and the great county and the great county and the Malignant Envy let me flying out to an at head With odious Self-conceit and guilden visit

VI.

Let not Despair nor curs'd Revenge
Be to my Bosom known;
Oh give me Tears for others Woe,
And Patience for my own.

VII.

Feed me with necessary Food,

I ask not Wealth nor Fame:

But give me Eyes to view thy Works,

And Sense to praise thy Name.

And

VIII.

And when thy Wisdom thinks it sit,

To shake my troubled Mind;

Preserve my Reason with my Griefs,

And let me not repine.

282

IX.

May my still Days obscurely pass,

Without Remorse or Care;

And let me for the parting Hour,

My trembling Ghost prepare.

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And Penience for my awaren if staff dark

All Doffiel to car'd Revenço

